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ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE VISION.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

It was darkness, at the noon, and the pale and pearly moon,
Wading through the rifts of shadows, floating on the upper sea—
Slender, crescent, silver barque long had stranded on the dark
Reefs of shadows, jutting stark, from the low, empyrian lea—
Jutting in the midnight sea—
Leaving all the world to silence, sorrow, and to me—
Only me.

Starting from a troubled sleep, out into the purple deep,
Through the parted crimson curtains, long I peered on bended knee;
Hearing not a single sound, where the noon of darkness frowned,
In the long volutes around, surging on the solemn lea—
Listening there on bended knee—
"All the world," I said, "is resting, rocked upon the soporous sea,
All but me."

And the mournful murmur fell, like a low funeral knell,
On my sad and silent spirit, crowding it with misery;
Sobbing through the solemn room, draperied with drifting gloom,
Silent as the soundless tomb, underneath the cyprian tree—
Where *he* sleepeth peacefully—
Where the years have shut his memory up from all the world but me—
Only me.

Where the years have stood alone, with no marble memory-stone,
Murmuring its monotone o'er his bosom solemnly,
Underneath the lethean sky; "whom"—I murmured with a sigh—
"Whom art thou remembered by, with a mournful memory—
Sempervirent memory?"—
And a whisper rippled softly, on the purple midnight sea,
"Only thee!"

Nothing startled, naught afraid, kneeling, dreaming, still I stayed,
Peering through the pallid shadows, curtaining the sombre lea:
Nothing startled, by the sound, breaking up the deep profound
Of the noon of darkness, bound in a solemn revery—
In a frowning mystery—
While the whisper rippled softly, on the moaning midnight sea,
"Only thee."

Far from out my saddened soul, comes the low funeral toll,
Through its sable-draperied temple, from the bell of Memory,
Drifting in the white moon-ray, ebbing through the sun-bright day,
Moaning in my heart, alway, of him sleeping peacefully,
Underneath the cyprian tree—
Tolling from the sable-draperied temple of the lone Psyche,
"Only thee."

But beyond the purple pane, peering o'er the sombre plain,
Now I saw a snow-white Vision, rising from the midnight sea;
"Is he," said I, "from that 'Aidena,' from that rare and radiant maiden,'
To this 'soul with sorrow laden,' dreaming here on bended knee,
Coming from Eternity,
Through the years that shut his memory up from all the world but me?
Only me!"

But the snowy, midnight Vision drifted from the land Elysian,
Murmured, while her striped and starred banner floated o'er the lea:
"Brightest star in the constellation of a great and glorious Nation,
Hurled from its transcendent station, down into oblivion's sea—
Down into the deep, deep sea—
Where the low syllabication of the wild waves means to thee—
Only thee!"

"Where the years have stood alone, with no marble memory-stone,
Murmuring its monotone, underneath the cyprian tree,
O'er that fallen glory-star—shame!" she cried, and fled afar—
Genius of Columbia—far into the midnight sea—
Far into the empyrian sea—
Leaving all the world to silence, sorrow, and to me—
Only me.

Alexandria, Va.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

An Incident at A Fashionable watering Place.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

During a summer sojourn at a watering place in Virginia; on entering the parlor of my hotel one morning, my attention was arrested by two little girls, who had folded their arms around each others waists, and were commencing to measure time to a waltz or *shotishe*, which a gentleman was executing on his violin. One of these little disciples of Terpsichore was a Gentile, the other a Jewess.

They were both beautiful, but the beauty of the one, formed a striking contrast with that of the other. The eye of the little Gentile, wore the hue of the azure dome that encircled the mountains; her golden colored hair hung in rich profusion around her neck; while her fair cheek glowed with a tinge like that which the setting sun imparts to a western sky from his farewell beams.

The full dark eye of the little Jewess was radiant with joy, but it was a pensive radiance, that fell like moonlight on those who met its glances. I cannot describe her cheek, for it was entirely concealed by the luxuriant raven tresses that had been shaken across it. What a scathing rebuke did that affectionate scene administer to sectarian bigotry; and how forcibly did it illustrate our Saviour's language, "except ye be converted and become as *little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

On leaving the parlor I joined a group of gentlemen who had assembled beneath one of the shade trees in front of the hotel. At that instant a man passed by us, whose features bore such a striking resemblance to one of characters above described; that a casual observer would have no difficulty in designating him as the father of the Jewess. His features were cold, and rigid as if chiseled from marble; and his closely compressed lips told most plainly that avarice was the ruling passion of his soul. He had not passed beyond the sound of our voices, when his ears were saluted with language like this. "There goes Isaac of York! Shilock! Shilock! the Jew! the Jew!! the Miser! the Miser!"

What else could he be but Miser? What nobler passion may he cherish, since popular prejudice has excluded him from the pulpit, the bar, and the legislative hall? O, I am weary of hearing these epithets and subriquas which fall like burning acid on the Jew; and follow him like a Nessian garment wherever he goes. Let us treat him kindly, invite him to our churches, and address him in soft and soothing language which will glide like sunbeams into the darkened chamber of his soul; and quicken his heart with a fresher and deeper throbb of existence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Temperance--Woman's Influence.

The present declining state of the Temperance cause leads us to enquire what are the reasons of such decline. Among others I deem the principal one to be the want of interest which the great majority of the female race have exhibited in its success. To such an extent have things gone that unless a young man "sprees" and is "fast" it is almost impossible for him to get a wife from a city or town. And not only in towns does this bad sentiment prevail but to too great an extent in the villages and in the country. A young man of sober habits and studious mind may get a wife but it is too often after having been discarded at least three or four times. A young man is introduced into Society, if he is lively (that is, if he has taken a "horn or two" just to steady his nerves) he immediately becomes a general favorite with the ladies—no matter how devoid of sense his conversation may be or how few brains his head may contain. If he has a fine figure and face and his eyes are bright—no matter if it is the fire of brandy—he is the general favorite and every lady strives to gain his affections. Considerable travel and intercouse with men will give any youth some flow of language; a frequenting of the brothels and lanes of cities will give him a knowledge of woman's frailty and the general depravity of humankind; an acquaintance must then be had with the popular novels of the present day, more especially those of certain Frenchmen and those of Englishmen who use French phrases. With this knowledge and the capability of taking a "dozen stiff ones" without getting top-heavy and our youth is prepared to enter *society* as it exists at the present day. He is without education and possesses only that refinement and elegance of manners which teaches better how to seduce the unsuspecting female. Yet woman, intelligent, refined and beautiful woman, will bow at his shrine and strive to obtain his smile.

How is it on the other hand with the industrious, intelligent sober young man. He enters society and finds that he is neglected and unnoticed except by some old maid or aged married lady. Again and again he tries to ingratiate himself into the favor of some fair one; but as often does he see her willingly pass from his chaste and instructive conversation to fly through the mazes of a dance in the arms of some half-drunken fool, who is as much at home with one of Aspasia's votaries as with the daughter of purity and innocence. Our sober young man, the while, if he maintains himself unsullied, will linger on, rejected time and again, and at length either marry some woman who has been taught by a false hearted world that all is show, or not marry at all. No doubt he and she both get the better bargain, but it would certainly be some consolation to a young man to know that virtue and not vice was the more encouraged.

Now a few words to women of all ages and conditions and I will leave them to their reflections. Is not the picture of your society a true one? Do you not like the sprightly conversation of a young man of the world better than you do the sober intelligent conversation of him who pursues an even and unruffled course of conduct? You do not like to acknowledge it in words but your acts at every party and at every gathering prove it. What encouragement, then, is there for a young man to be sober when by being "fast" he can obtain what he most desires—a beautiful wife. No matter how much men may rave about their independence, woman rules them. Their conduct is shaped so as to gain her approval. And so long as she tacitly approves of drinking, so long it will be practised. In my own observation I know hundreds of young men who are constantly in the habit of drinking and yet woman does not frown on them. They are petted and caressed, their company to a ride or a walk is too often preferred to men of sober and steady habits and in the end they marry where men of talent, good-looks and polite manners were rejected. I never saw but one young and pretty lady who showed her dislike to drinking and drinkers in a public and fearless manner. I have known many of them to *talk*, but never to act as they spoke. To the young ladies especially, I would address myself, if you would have good and loving husbands, if you value your own peace and happiness I beg of you to frown upon those who would taste the intoxicating cup or encourage its use. You have only to lay down the rule and you will succeed.

CLARENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

BY EMMA SOPHIA MILLS.

How sweet is that word, how soothing to the wounded spirit; it is like music that cheers the heart and makes one feel light and joyous. Were it not for the Muse of Music, and kind woads, how dull our hearts would be.

We'll meet again! 'tis friendship that speaks when the dear ones go from our side into the world. There is no one knows but *that* God who knows all things, if they will ever return again in safety. It cheers the heart when we think of their returning; if they never return, will you not cherish every word and every farewell look, remember that last word. "We'll meet again!" then forget it not, but prepare to meet them in Heaven.

It is heard in accents, low in the dying chamber, let us draw aside the curtain and look. On the bed of death lies a husband and father, his eyes are closed as if asleep, he lies thinking of his family, they have wealth enough, but who knows how they may be tossed about in this cold-hearted world. It causes a shudder to pass his frame, to think of the dear ones to receive bad treatment, he cannot think of it. But stop, reader he, a religious man, to distrust that God, who has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow? If you ask him why, he will say he was only thinking if it should be. Let us look again. Round his bed are gathered his wife and children, and bitter tears are shed round that dying bed, but he is happy now, he mourns not in leaving the dear ones, his trust is in God. They receive the dying blessing. The effort has been too much; the cold dews of death are gathering on his brow, listen! he speaks the last words. We'll meet again in Heaven. And the spirit has taken its flight to join the ransomed in Heaven. They bear him to his last resting place, and, as the stricken ones are bending over the grave, and they hear the words: Dust to dust, ashes to ashes! do not those last words re-echo back to them. We'll meet again in Heaven. What consolation it brings to them in the hour of sorrow. Then cease to weep for the dead, but rather prepare to meet them in Heaven.

Bridgeport, Conn.

MR. BANKS' LECTURE.—On Friday night last, by request, Mr. Banks, of Fayetteville, repeated in this City his Lecture on the "Romance of Scottish History." The evening was clear and bracing, and the Commons Hall presented an assemblage of intelligence and beauty seldom seen here on any occasion. Mr. Banks was introduced to the audience by Mr. Cantwell. The Lecture was impressively delivered, and well received. The Lecturer commenced in the twelfth century, and came down to the present day, presenting and illustrating the leading events in Scottish history, and interweaving therewith many of the legends and much of the touching poetry of his native land. When at last he blended the "Romance of Scottish History" with the history of the United States, and particularly of North Carolina, and pointed to the patriotism and valor displayed by the descendants of Scotchmen on this side the great waters, the enthusiasm of the audience was fully aroused, and he was greeted with long and loud applause. In a word, the Lecture, both in matter and manner, was all that could have been expected by Mr. Banks' most devoted friends; and we but utter the general wish when we say that we should be much pleased to see it in print.—*Bal Standard.*

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO MR. SYME.—The leading citizens of Petersburg, Va., without respect to party, gave a complimentary dinner to John W. Syme, Esq., the Editor of the Raleigh Register, on the occasion of his severing himself from that community to take up his abode in North Carolina. The Petersburg papers speak of the dinner as a most brilliant affair. The Editors of the Petersburg and Richmond papers were present, and many impressive and interesting speeches were delivered. Mr. Wallace, says the Express, upon the removal of the cloth, made a most appropriate address, in allusion to Mr. Syme; who responded in an eloquent and touching manner.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ISADORE.

BY HYPERION.

Now the gloom of night surrounds me,
And I'm sitting all alone—
Sad and dreary,
Heart-a-weary,—
Sighing in my musings, lone,
Gazing backward through the vista
Of bright hopes that long have flown.

Clouds of sorrow now before me
In successive volumes roll,
Shrouding all; yet beams within me—
Beams a light within my soul;
And the dreary dismal darkness,
Which surrounded me before,
Now rolls backward,—I behold thee,
My angelic Isadore!

Sweetly dost thou smile upon me,
Smilings on a youth forlorn;
Ideal being! how I love thee—
Worship thee and God alone!
And altho' thou now art near me,
Thou may'st be with me no more;
For we often hear repeated,
"Brighter hopes have flown before."

Even now art thou receding—
Far receding from my view;
Stay, O stay! thou saintly maiden,
Leave me not to mourn anew!

Thou art gone! Once more I'm lonely,
Sorrow's victim am again,—
Lonely as the ship which only
Steereth o'er a waveless main:
And my soul which beamed so brightly,
When thy image blest my fear,
Now is gloomy—all is nightly,—
Love lies bleeding on its bier.

Lockport, New York.

PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FANNY MOWBRAY;

OR,

The Gambler's Wife.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IV.

Two, three, four, had struck, and still Fannie plied the busy needle;—that order most be finished, as the vessel would be underweight at sunset next evening, for her departure for Cuba. In vain the weak fingers and nodding head proclaimed weariness; the time was not her own; she had sold it—for an extra quarter, her almost bare feet demanded such sacrifice of rest. Poor Fannie, from her small weekly income she had saved sufficient to purchase a few articles of furniture for her little room; no matter for the scantiness of comfort; no matter for the plain, worn, almost shabby things; they were her own, and made up, that priceless treasure—a home. They had been bought by many a hour of cheerless labor, and almost every article could have told a tale of weariness and privation; but they were her own; and as she looked upon them, the tears would rise, and the heart would bound with gratitude.

Edward could lend but little aid; he had been received in the store of Mr. Hall, merely as an act of charity, and though his salary was small, yet he felt bound to do all in power for the protection he had received; but there was a stronger motive yet; the devoted love he had hitherto felt for Mary. Little therefore had he to offer, and sometimes a cheap present or damaged article from the store munificently bestowed by Mr. Hall, were all he had to give.

On, on, went the busy needle, she would never come to the end of that full tiresome skirt, and the embroidery dazzled her eyes so that she could scarcely trace the pattern; leaves, flowers, and muslin, were in a confused maze, the relaxing fingers were for once unfaithful, and the work dropped lower and lower on her lap, the aching temple leaned upon her hands as she rested them on a small table beside the rush-light, sinking and flickering in the socket. An hour before, she had thrown open the shutters, that the first gleam of daylight might be visible, trusting to that for some knowledge of the time—not *her* time, she had seldom any of her own, even for the natural rest which the poorest expects and seeks.

Five, six, struck, and still the heavy sleep was on her, dreams of a freer life, dreams of the past and future sped along before her sleeping eyes, soothing, softening as they came, and two dear forms were side by side in all. There were no doubts, no fears, sleep had done wonders; brushed back the thistles from her path, and strewn it over with the gay flowers of hope and trust, that ever make up the happier thoughts of buoyant youth.

"Shameful waste of time," cried she, as she awoke, weak, and half wandering in her memory. Snatching up the fallen work, she strove to hurry on over the intricate pattern. It seemed all colors, brightning into small twinkling stars like rising sparks; then they faded and left a dull, reddish purple overspreading the flowers like a dense cloud;—sinking back from exhaustion, she again closed her eyes, endeavoring to steady the torturing sight.

The morning sun shone cheerfully in the window, which was momentarily darkened by a shadow. Fannie looked up;—it was gone; again the shadow came, she could see it distinctly, even with her half closed lids. She arose, and putting her face close to the glass, tried to discover if any one was beyond the shutter.

"Ah, is it you, dear Edward?—I must have no idling this morning; I have been very lazy; come in," said she, setting down to her work.

A figure stepped forth and gaily greeted her with a saucy laugh, and kiss of the gloved fingers. Fannie retreated hastily, waving her hand, as if, like a magician's wand, it had the power to banish that form from her sight and heart forever.

Walter West receded from the window with a grave and anxious look, and walked loiteringly down the street, often turning as he went, like one in expectation of a signel to solicit his return.

"Why, why, has he come here again?" sobbed Fannie, covering her face with her trembling hands, "and after our decided parting too. Heaven knows what that resolution cost me, but I felt it was a duty to my dear brother, and come what might I was resolved to abide by it. Surely he is gone now, and will not trouble me again."

He was not in sight—the town clock struck seven.

"Oh! mercy, what will become of me?" continued she, seven, and my work not near done, I must be at the shop by eight, and I have a mile to go. Mrs. Yates will expect the whole of the order to be ready this morning. What folly. Why did he come here? I was ill before, and now am not worth anything. *I cannot work;* and she hurriedly folded together the dress that had cost so many hours of unrequited labor, tied on her bonnet, ready to begin another day of the routine of slavery. No refreshments; she had not time to think of her own wants, they must be quelled till the work was out of hand, and then—what then? Another and another day might come, of which the privation, the past and present, were but true and bitter samples. Setting up a candle ready for her return at night, she left her lone and cheerless home.

Was it wrong for Walter West to meet her on the road? Not then; he had passed the night in good and serious thought, and sought her with the proud openness of a true and manly heart, to offer her his hand. Her firm decision had revealed to him the depth of the affection he had cherished for the pure and innocent girl, whose love he knew to be his own. Yes, poor and humble though she was, the bold man would dare before the eyes of the upbraiding world, to hold forth his simple flower, reared and culled from the choicest tree in nature's garden, simplicity and truth.

Letters had been lately circulated among his friends detrimental to Fannie's character—*such cowardly and unpunishable shafts as emanate from those who fear to, or cannot substantiate the calumnies they wring in secret;* no name, no trace of the writer, but missives so ingeniously woven and thrown, that they would have startled into a beleif the most wary.

Edward Mowbray had also received the like communications; the writing was familiar to him, and the bitterness of the accusations, coupled with the name of Walter West, seemed so like the wild words which *she* had used, that his conscious heart needed but little proof to point out the source whence her cruel bolt had fallen.

"Fannie, dear Fannie, listen to me but for one moment," exclaimed Walter West, as she rapidly passed him in silence and with averted looks; "I have much to say."

"Not one word, sir," replied Fannie, "but in my brother's presence."

"I mean you honor—truth; and in the presence of that brother I will, with your sanction, claim you as my wife."

A wild throb seemed to shiver her slight frame. Those words, she dared not trust them;—that voice, whose tone found such glad responses in her heart, spoke of honorable love. Was it but a gilded bait, that she might fall more heavily into the snare?

"Preserve me heaven," rose upon her lips, but died away without a sound. Onward she sped, threading streets she scarcely knew, to baffle him, that he might not follow. Heated and distressed she reached the shop as the bells chimed the half hour—half past eight—the first morning that she had been beyond her time.

Miss Arthur met her at the door, and hurried her down the steps.

"Do not go in, Fannie, some mischief has been brewing here. I did not tell you of it because I thought it would pass away."

"Mischief to me?" said Fannie, "from whom?—whom have I offended?"

"Some anonymous letters have been sent to Mrs. Yates about you, and—and—you know I would not distress you, my poor girl, for all the world."

"Tell me, Miss Arthur, indeed I do not understand."

"Well, then some one has asserted that you are to be seen at all hours after midnight with Mr. West."

"Good heavens! who can have done this? I am wrongly accused. What will become of me? I have no friend now."

"Yes, you have," replied the warm hearted Miss Arthur, "if Mrs. Yates discharges you, you can go to mother's."

At this moment, Mrs Yates rushed to the shop as if she expected a violent resistance on the part of the gentle girl.

"There now; now mind madam," said Miss Arthur, shaking her head at Mrs. Yates, "I shall leave too. Go to my house, Fannie, I will be home directly, I only want to collect my things."

One hour later, and Fannie sat with her hand closed in the rough but honest grasp of Mrs. Arthur.

"There, lie down a bit, do dear, and try to get a little sleep, then you can pick something for dinner. Poor thing, obliged to work so hard for such a trifle, and then to be backbited, and your brother employed to the last moment at night, working like a galley slave. There, lie down, dear, and when my daughter comes home she shall call you."

Poor Fannie! her thoughts wandered back to the home of her childhood—the garden with its simple flowers; the tall trees that waved their graceful boughs above the cottage; the window round which the jessamine twined in loving fragrance, and the room, within, that seemed never forgotton—was again before her eyes, the thin white fingers, and the dying grasp; the cry that had so startled her, from her suffering brother; the chill, the fear, for which she then could not find a name—all, all—rushed upon her heart, and crushed it in its desolation. Was it a wonder that her bruised bosom beat to return the love that Walter West had so often avowed? It is easy for the happy to preach philosophy—easy for those whose path has been of roses, to talk lightly of the rough ground over which their suffering fellow creatures are condemned to pass. She dared not think of the present—disgraced, cast forth to want, how could she hope that he would stoop from the high blessings that fortune had showered upon him to think of *her*. Her brother too, when he should hear of her disgrace, what would he suffer?

"Come, Miss Fannie," said Mr. Arthur, accompanying his daughter, "come and have some dinner, it will be all right, I tell you."

There was a mischievous twinkle in the old man's eyes, the very type of his daughter's—a lurking fun that seemed struggling with propriety, to make itself manifest to the world in general.

"Dear sir," said Fannie, "dont take any trouble about me, I beg of you, I shall do very well here."

"Come down, Fannie, we have a surprise for you," said Miss Arthur. "I did not like to bring them up here, because I know how you have suffered to day."

"Bring who up?"

"There now, dont go turning red and white, like that; if you do I wont tell you anything about it—what if I were to say—I cant do it—Pa, you must—she makes me as nervous as herself, by looking at me in that strange way."

"Well then, Fannie, two gentlemen are in our little parlor, and wish to see you directly, one of them is your brother Edward—and the other Walter West. They seem capital friends, though your brother looks very pale and thin."

"What is the matter, dear Fannie," said Miss Arthur, as the pale girl sank upon the sofa, cold and senseless, as if that bright moment of her life had stolen sense and existence away together. She imagined the purport of their visit, and the young heart so sorely tried was proof against such overwhelming joy.

Then—perhaps they might have heard of that morning's insult. It was too much; the struggle between hope and fear had overpowered her, weak and exhausted as she was. And when Edward Mowbray and his *true friend* entered the room, they scarcely knew whether their hopes were not blighted—that they did not behold her dead.

CHAPTER V.

Some three months after the discharge from Mrs. Yates, a bridal party issued from an elegant house in the most fashionable portion of the city. First came the bridegroom, and leaning on his arm, the white gloved hand of a merry, smiling young lady, whose heart was brimfull of joy, if one might judge from the color on her cheeks, and the full pouting lips, that tried most ineffectually to appear demure.

The second couple, a pale, tall young man, bearing on his mild features the hard traces of sorrow, more than age; his figure slightly bent, and a bright wandering of the large blue eyes, told of the first symptoms of incipient consumption. The girl, a fair, bright creature, looking all love and trust as she glanced towards Walter West and Miss Arthur, who, having reached the gate of the tasteful garden were waiting for her first to enter the coach.

The news of Fannie's intended marriage had been canvassed in every possible phrase at the establishment of Mrs. Yates, who, of course had altered her opinion of Miss Mowbray's character, and hoped that for old acquaintance sake Mrs. West would honor her with her custom. Poor Miss Lucy Brown had been taken suddenly ill when the news came, and solicited a day's indulgence, which was granted.

Helter-skelter off ran Miss Brown—after having passed the night previous to the wedding at the home of one of the work-girls—through the jumble of vehicles, omnibuses, cabs, gigs, drays, carts—the drivers looking as serious as if they had all the affairs of the world to settle, and only ten minutes allowed to do it. Shivering and shaking until her teeth chattered, she at length landed upon the opposite side of the street, having navigated as turbulent a sea of vehicles, quadrupeds, and bipeds, as ever rolled on through that part of the city.

But she *was* in time, absolutely in time to be gratified by the invigorating sight of Fannie, coming from the church door, leaning on the arm of Walter West, his beautiful, his idolized wife.

There had been another witness of that morning's marriage—one, whose lacerated heart seemed with its burning throbs to dry the life blood of the agonized bosom. What had she not done, what would she not have dared, to gain the love of that man, now indifferent alike to her idolatry and malice? Why will the young, the gay, the thoughtless, breathe vows in the moment of a baseless passion, that leaves upon the heart of woman such mementos, that even the rough tide of a cheerless, changeful future can never wash away.

Distracted, heedless of the gaping crowd, she left the church some few moments after the party were gone. No thought of home, no latent feelings of revenge accompanied the knowledge of the present; though the future seemed a dark void, an interminable path of sorrow and despair. All had been discovered too; and the dread of meeting Edward's eyes in reproach, had absorbed her sleeping and waking thoughts; and now, that the last blow had fallen, the overwrought brain reeled, and the events that had so tortured her proud and passionate heart, were nothing now but a fearful chaos of Misery, urging on to the one desperate effort of eternal forgetfulness.

"Hocus pocus," said Nick, in a half confidential tone to himself, as he wended his way to Mr. Hall's house "Jingo Slingo, who cares? Miss Mary—she's going to kill me, is she? 'cos I told all I knew. Didn't she write all the letters—didn't I post them, and didn't I hear her talking one whole hour by herself? Kill me, will she? But, Lord, how dark it's getting, and the moon is rising. I shall catch it if I don't hurry. Hocus Pocus."

Off he started at fresh speed to the sound of those strange words. The shadows of the chimneys began to be visible upon the streets, as the moon climbed higher in the cloudless heavens. Nick had become silent, straining his eyes in close observation of every object as it passed. On a sudden there were a confused murmuring of voices, and a muffled distant sound like the shuffling of feet, they seemed coming that way and to be proceeding to Mr. Hall's house. On observing steadily, he saw that lights like torches were dancing to and fro among the crowd.

It came nearer; Nick wandered on as if it were instinctively. The throng was now close to him on the opposite side of the street, and he plainly heard the words; "drowned, poor thing, and we found her bonnet on the bank." The flesh seemed to creep upon the poor boy's bones as he listened; he dreaded their coming, and yet he had no power to move from the spot. Crouching down, he held his breath, lest he should lose a word; but all was silent, nothing to be heard but the muffled tramp, tramp upon the pavements, and the creaking of something that bore the body of the lifeless one. Nick's breath came in thick, cold gusts, as they approached the spot, where he was bending low upon the ground. He started forth with a desperate effort to meet the crowd. There was no covering over the beautiful face, as it lay with its filmy, sightless eyes staring open in ghastly unconsciousness upon the evening sky. The torches as they moved backwards and forwards in the hands of the people, cast an uncertain and sickly glare upon the pale, worn features, rigid and cold as sculptured marble; the long dark ringlets of hair clung to the bosom of her dress as to hide the unmeaning stare of the glazed eyes. The terrified boy begged of them to stop, as he cast himself upon his trembling knees beside the corpse. Taking its passive hand, he implored, in accents of bitter anguish, that she would forgive him for all that he had done—implored her to live for Edward Mowbray's sake; and not until the bystanders assured him that the spirit had long since fled, could he be pacified sufficiently to make them understand where the body was to be taken.

Poor Mary, fearing the scorn of the world, heart broken and despairing, she

did not tremble to brave the presence of an angry God. And was there no sigh to mourn, no tears to weep for the fate of one so lovely? Yes, there was one, who knelt in his lonesome chamber, and prayed that the cup might pass from him—prayed for the departed soul that had not sought pardon for itself. He had forgiven all the past, and the lingering love in his sorrowing heart chid him for his rash resolve to leave her forever. Again he saw the dark eyes, as they flashed in their anger, that evening when she spoke of Walter West; word after word came back to his memory, till he accused himself of a too hasty determination. He could even find excuses for her blind love, as he groaned beneath the sufferings of his own heart. But little had he known of joy or happiness; the tree had been early bent, and now its branches swept the earth; the pitiless storm had bowed them lower in their maturer growth, but they were unbroken still; and as the wind blew and the rain fell, the trembling leaves still looked green and fresh,—hopes that turned them from the fading pleasures of this life, to seek with a firm trust for peace in heaven.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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SUMMARY OF RATIFIED ACTS:—We are indebted to Mr. Ogburn for the following summary of Acts, passed and ratified during the present Session of the Legislature. They date from the first of the Session to the 24 inst.

1. A bill to amend the Constitution—the Free Suffrage Bill. Introduced by Mr. Boyd, referred to the Committee on Constitutional Reform, reported with an amendment and passed both branches of the Assembly.

2. A bill to incorporate the N. C. and New York Steamship Company. Incorporates a company to run a line of Steamships from Murfreesborough in Hertford co., to the city of New York. Introduced by Mr. Cowper.

3. A bill supplemental to the act establishing the county of Polk. Introduced by Mr. Mills.

4. A bill for the better securing of costs in actions of ejectment. Compels the party to the suit to give bond with security for the payment of the costs. Introduced by Mr. Gorrell.

5. A bill to authorise certain persons in Hertford County to collect arrears of taxes. Introduced by Mr. Cowper.

6. A bill concerning gaming. Punishes persons playing at Faro. Introduced by Mr. Eaton.

7. A bill to amend the charter of the Wilmington Savings Bank. Introduced by Mr. Fennell.

8. A bill to repeal 10th section of act of 1854 concerning the town of Wilmington. Introduced in the House by Mr. Holmes.

9. A resolution in favor of Thomas Digg's. Introduced in the House by Mr. Dargan.

10. A bill to amend the charter of the Chehoe Turnpike Company. Introduced by Mr. W. H. Thomas.

11. A resolution concerning an Historical Agent. Introduced by Mr. Cameron.

12. A resolution to provide for the further distribution of the Revised Code. Introduced by Mr. Hill.

13. A bill to amend the act incorporating the Trustees of Davidson College. Allows them to use the donation of Maxwell Chambers. Introduced by Mr. W. H. Myers.

14. A bill to amend the charter of the Jonathan's Creek and Tennessee Turnpike Company. Introduced by Mr. W. H. Thomas.

15. A resolution in favor of John Foster. From the House of Commons.

16. A bill to repeal that portion of the Revised Code which forbids hunting with fire at night. From the House of Commons.

17. A resolution in favor of Q. Bushee. Introduced by Mr. Wilder.

18. A bill to give additional authority to the corporation of the town of Tarborough. From the House of Commons.

19. A bill to amend the charter of the Fayetteville and Western Plankroad Company. Introduced by Mr. McDiarmid.

20. A bill to amend the charter of the Western Plank Road Company. Introduced by Mr. W. H. Myers.

21. A bill to incorporate the town of Troy. Introduced in the House by Mr. Gaup.

22. A bill to revive and amend act incorporating the Camden and Pasquotank New Cut Canal Company. Introduced in the House by Mr. Mann.

23. A bill to incorporate the town of Salem. Introduced by Mr. Martin—Senate.

24. A bill to incorporate the town of Thomasville. Introduced by Mr. J. W. Thomas.

25. A bill to extend the time for registering Deeds, Mortgages, Grants and other conveyances. Introduced by Mr. Wiggins.

26. A bill to authorise Plankroad and Turnpike Companies to use stone gravel &c. Introduced by Mr. W. H. Thomas.

27. A resolution in favor of Bedford Sherrill.

28. A resolution in favor of Joseph Ramsey.

29. A resolution in favor of Martha Spears.

30. A resolution in favor of Sarah Avery.

31. A resolution in favor of W. R. Baird.

32. A resolution in favor of James Blevin.

33. A resolution in favor of W. W. Rhea, C. C. C. of Haywood county.

34. A bill to amend 8th section of 45th chap. of the Revised Code. From the House of Commons.

35. A bill to provide for the registration of Sheriff's and Constable's bonds. From the House of Commons.

36. A bill to incorporate the Macon Turnpike Company, From the House of Commons.

37. A resolution concerning Cape Fear and Deep River Navigation Company, provides for the examination of their works by Major Gwynn. Introduced by Mr. A. J. Jones.

38. A bill to provide for taking the vote upon the Free Suffrage Bill in Aug. next. Introduced by Mr. Boyd.

39. A bill to prevent holders of State Bonds against loss by accident or otherwise. Introduced by Mr. Cunningham.

40. A bill to authorize the late sheriff of Pitt county to collect arrears of taxes. From the House of Commons.

41. A resolution allowing Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D., the free use of the public records and libraries. From the House of Commons.

42. A bill to repeal in part the 17th section of 85th chapter of the Revised Code. Relates to fees of pilots in the Cape Fear River. Introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Meares.

43. A bill to incorporate the town of Rockingham in Richmond county. Introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Little.

44. A bill to authorize the Inspectors of Naval Stores to guage Spirits of Turpentine. Introduced by Mr. Fennell.

45. A bill for the benefit of the Insane Asylum. Appropriates $35,000 to that institution. From the House.

46. A bill concerning the State Bonds. Authorizes the Treasurer to issue them in amounts of $500. Introduced by Mr. Cunningham.

47. A bill to extend the provisions of an act to extend the time for perfecting the titles to land heretofore entered. Introduced in the House by Mr. Elliott.

48. A bill to protect the citizens of the town of Wilson. From the House of Commons.

49. A bill to change the time for holding the Courts of Pleas and Quarter Sessions in the county of Chowan. Introduced in the House by Mr. Badham.

50. A bill to prevent the felling of timber in Enoe River, Orange county; Fisher's River in Surry county, Jemmy's Creek in the county of Davidson, McCalphin's Creek, Big Sugar Creek and its four tributaries in the county of Mecklenburg. From the House of Commons.

51. A resolution providing for the distribution of the Geological Report. From the House of Commons.

52. A resolution providing for the improvement and beautifying of the Capitol Square.

SWITZERLAND:—Being the only Republic in all the Continent of Europe, our sympathies are naturally enlisted when her peace is threatened. Switzerland has ever been an eyesore to the Despots of Europe, but each jealous of the other, she has never lacked for assistance in the day of oppression. But the disc of her sun of liberty is now darkened, and tyranny threatens to crush her existence. To Louis Napoleon, her natural friend, she looks in vain, for he with the basest and blackest ingratitude, is about to ally himself with Prussia in her exterminating crusade against Switzerland.

We have not forgotten, the world should never forget, that Switzerland gave an asylum and home, and protection to this same Louis Napoleon in the days of his adversity. We have not forgotten that when the Government of Louis Philippe threatened Switzerland because it afforded an asylum to Louis Napoleon after he had become an outcast, branded and proscribed as a revolutionist and traitor, the Swiss Government remained firm and refused with heroic boldness, either to surrender or exclude him from their territory. The hero of Strasbourg was then profuse in expressions of gratitude and admiration for the Swiss character. Now, when seated on the throne of France, in the enjoyment of unlimited power, including the power to requite his benefactors, he even presumes to rebuke his former protectors for a righteous resistance to the arrogant demands of Prussia. But the exactions of political expediency are as boundless as his ingratitude is base. Everything—honor, gratitude, moral obligation, and it may be interest, must be sacrificed to a sense of political expediency.

☞ No change in the markets.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—No. VI.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

With many thanks to our enterprising editors for their announcement of the increased general interest we intend these papers shall command, by the introduction of literay articles of a more miscellaneous nature than we have heretofore used we are nevertheless compelled to fulfill but a portion of our promise in the present number.

Our ages of living authors are based on reliable information and reference, and may be regarded as correct:—Alexander Von Humboldt, as nearly as we can ascertain, is the oldest literary man in Europe or America; he is 90 years of age, Lord Brougham is 80. Beranger, the French Lyric Poet, is 76. Henry Hallam is 75. Leigh Hunt, who from his long literary services, and ripe experience, should be the Laureate of England, in place of the younger Tennyson—is 74 years of age; as is also Sheridan Knowles. William H. Prescott and Washington Irving are our own two oldest literary men—the latter being 76 years of age; the former 71. Guizot is 70. Lamartine 68. Our bankerpoet, Charles Sprague is 66. William Cullen Bryant is 62; and so is the eccentric John Neal. Fitz-Greene Halleck, and S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley) who boasts of being the author and editor of 170 volumes, are 61. Carlyle is the same. Sir Charles Lyell, and M. A. Thiers are 60. Macauley is 58. Our veteran George P. Morris is 56. Ralph Waldo Emerson is 54, as are also Bancroft, the historian, and Prentice of the Louisville Journal. At the same age we class Dumas, Bulwer Lytton, Eugene Sue, and Victor Hugo. Ainsworth, Douglass Jerrold, and D'Israeli are two years younger. Our own Wm. Gilmore Simms, and Longfellow, are 50. Wm. D. Gallagher is 49. Park Benjamin 48, and Oliver Wendell Holmes 47; at which latter age we also cluster the bright stars, Charles Dickens, Thackery, Charles Mackay and Tennyson, the Laureate. Browning is 46, and Gilfillan 44. Our elegant essayist, Tuckerman, is the same age; together with Henry B. Hirst, and Christopher P. Cranch. Epes Sargent and John G. Saxe are 40. Below this age we have a number of rising names, among which we can only include Wm. W. Lord 39. George W. Dewey, same age; together with James Russell Lowell, and William Wallace. Jas. F. Fields 38. Thos. Buchanan Read 35. George H. Boker 33. Bayard Taylor 31, and Richard Henry Stoddard 30.

The Literary Necrology of the year, as far as we can just now call it to mind, includes in its sad record the names of Jas. Gates Percival; Mrs. Carolina Lee Hentz, and her husband Professor N. M. Hentz; Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminister; Heinrich Heine; Biela, the astronomer and author; Mrs. Elizabeth Jessup Eames, and William Roderick Lawrence. Charles W. Webber, the hunter naturalist, is supposed to have been killed in Nicaragua. Catherine M. Sedgewick, who was reported to have died in Stockbridge, Conn., is not dead.

Aurora Leigh, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's new poem, has just been issued by Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., New York. It were vain on the brief acquaintance we have yet made with it, to attempt a criticism of this remarkable and beautiful book. That it is equal in healthy and a pure poetic imagination to her former works—that it contains all the force, and subtlety of reasoning, and that vigor of expression peculiar to her—we are satisfied from the perusal of a page here and there, the light skimming previous to a full descent into its rich wealth. Moreover, the one fault which marr'd her former efforts—a want of compression, a more careful use of her resources, seems to have been guarded against in "Aurora," and that, too, without destroying the full expression of her thoughts and feelings, or laming the current of her narrative. This care will add vastly to her reputation among the masses who read poetry, who have formerly stood aloof from her. But it is the abundant fields of wealth which she holds at command, her self-consciousness of power, that have prompted her daring and her prodigality, and made her the peerless poet that she is. If others stand aloof from her, she can soar aloof from them. She is the Sappho of the century. She is the Poetess for Poets. She is what Leigh Hunt beautifully calls her, Tennyson's *sister*. A distinguished literary gentleman, in a letter before us, astounds us with the opinion that, excepting Sappho, Mrs. Browning is the only poet of her sex who has yet lived. Rich as is the present age in examples of female genius, we are far from assenting to so bold an assertion; there can be little doubt, however, that the author of "Aurora Leigh" is now Queen of the Lyre—crowned, and worthily fitted to so eminent a sphere. We wish we had space to give our readers a taste of the book; we can only advise those who would enjoy a rich repast to lose no time in securing it. Our word for it they will thank us.

The same publishers, Francis & Co., New York, have also issued a neat 12 mo. volume, with the title, Audubon, the Naturalist. The prominent facts in the life of that wonderful man—his adventures, his explorations and discoveries—his early difficulties, his hardships, and gradual advancement toward that high position which he saw finally accorded to him, are related in a brief and succinct manner, and in a style to please and entertain, and to be remembered—quite a desirable consideration in these days when so much is written and read only to be forgotten immediately after. In glancing over the table of contents we are surprised that so much information could be imparted in so small a space as the volume includes. It is illustrated with numerous fine engravings.

Bayard Taylor has recently had made over to him, "and to his heirs, forever," a magnificent country seat in Germany, built in 1760 by a grand minister of Duke Ernest II. It appears that in one of his former tours, Bayard Taylor fell in with an intelligent German, between whom and the great traveler, a most beautiful friendship sprang into existence. They parted; and until recently our countryman heard nothing of his friend, when the evidence of his remembrance came in this valuable shape. It is described as one of the most charming retreats ever built.

Major Ben Perley Poore (wheelbarrow man) is lecturing on the subject, "From Paris to Palestine." The major has been over the road *twice*, once in the other continent, as a private gentleman, and once in Massachusetts, with the pomp of a *barrow-net*.

Several paragraphs we are obliged to defer.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1st, 1857.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY CLAUDE.

NUMBER IV.

THE QUAKER CITY.

Philadelphia is situated on the Delaware river, ninety-six miles from the ocean. The site of the city being nearly level, it does not present an imposing appearance to the approaching traveler, and indeed he will be disappointed (if it be his first visit,) but we would ask him not to form an opinion until he shall have spent several days here and shall have seen the city and its objects of grandeur and elegance. It was planned by Wm. Penn, and settled by a colony of English "Friends," under his direction in 1682. The present incorporation extends in the greatest distance 24 miles in one direction, and 14 miles in the other. The streets generally are straight and wide, and cross each other at right angles. The buildings evince great taste and skill, every conceivable style of architecture is presented in both public and private improvements. Its present population is over 550,000 souls, which in this respect is the second city in the United States. In extent and number of buildings it is the first, and in point of health, it is unequaled by any. But without further remarks of a general nature, we will notice its most prominent buildings, places of resort and interest.

The Old State House or more properly Independence Hall, located on Chestnut street, between Fifth and Sixth, possesses interest to every American. In the East room, on the first floor, Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776. The old bell, with its remarkable prophetic inscription, is here to be seen together with many other interesting relics of "the times that tried men's souls."

Portraits and memorials of the prominent men of the past, decorate the walls. Indeed, no one can enter this hall without experiencing a feeling of the deepest awe, and his first impulse will be to uncover his head as he enters. Any American who has ever wished for a dissolution of this Union, should visit Independence Hall; and if he can here entertain such a wish and not blush for his treasonable wish, he is less a patriot than he should be. A janitor is in attendance daily, to admit visitors who desire to pay their devotion at "Freedom's Shrine."

The Custom House, on Chestnut street above Fourth, was erected and occupied by the U. S. Bank, which became famous during and subsequent to Gen. Jackson's Administration; and the associations connected with it, are not all of a pleasing character. It is a fine specimen of the Doric order of architecture, and the front is a reproduction of that of the Parthenon at Athens.

The Post Office is said to be the finest in the Union; its cupola towers above every other building in the city, which commands a magnificent view of the whole city.

Girard College was commenced in 1833, and completed in 1847, at a cost of about $2,000,000. Its architecture is Corinthian, modelled after a Greek temple, and was erected in accordance with the will of Stephen Girard for the gratuitous instruction of destitute orphans, by whom also it was richly endowed, and is one of the noblest charities of the land. A fine statue of the founder stands in the Southern vestibule, where is also a marble sarcophagus containing his remains. By the will of the donor, clergymen are specially prohibited from visiting this institution.

The Academy of Natural Sciences is situated on Broad street above Walnut, and is a place of great interest. The collection of birds, beasts, insects and fossil remains here exhibited, is the most extensive in the United States. To form an idea of its extent, we will mention, that it contains 600 varieties of the humming bird, male and female, making in all 1200 specimens. The museum and library of this society are very extensive; the former containing 25,000 specimens of Ornithology alone; the latter 20,000 volumes. The departments of Mineralogy, Geology and Botany are also very complete.

Carpenters' Hall. Within this time-honored edifice, the first Congress of the U. S., assembled on the 5th day of Sept., 1774. Here were held the deliberations of that body, upon whose patriotism, firmness and wisdom, the destiny of this great republic rested. Here once echoed the sound of such voices as Washington, Hancock, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin and a host of kindred spirits, whereas it now resounds only to the "go-ing, go-ing, gone," of the auctioneer, and the bang of his hammer. This building derives its interest wholly from its associations.

The Treaty Monument is erected on the banks of the Delaware, upon the site of "The Old Elm Tree," beneath whose branches Wm. Penn, in 1681, founded the State of Pennsylvania, by a treaty of peace with the Indians; "the only treaty," says an infidel writer, "which up to that time was not consecrated by oaths, and the only one which was never broken."

Fairmount Water Works, on the eastern bank of the Schuylkill. Aside from the inestimable value of these works to the city, they attract deserved attention from their picturesque surroundings. The bold cliffs that form its sides; the groves that stand at its base; the romantic Schuylkill, which at one point lies lake-like in placidity; beneath the eye, and at another plunges in an unbroken sheet over the dam, to rush into foam impetuously away; the graceful outlines of the suspension bridge, spanning the river a little way below; the plashing of sculptured fountains; the sullen roar of the water against the great water wheel, so silent themselves, in the dignity of tireless strength; the bubble-capped waves, sparkling in sunshine, and *iridescent* even in moonlight; the natural and artistic charms of the surrounding scenery, in every direction and at every hour, all these combine to constitute a picture unique in its surprising beauty. The work was commenced by Ariel Coolly, on the 19th of April, 1819, for the sum of $150,000. When nearly completed, he was taken sick and died.

Laurel Hill Cemetery. No more beautiful site for a city of the dead could have been chosen. It occupies a bold promontory on the eastern shore of the Schuylkill river, and its natural charms must be seen to be appreciated. Beautiful flowers of every hue, watered by the tears of mourning Friends, are spread thickly over the graves of the departed, while the simple slab, the obelisk, and the more pretending monument, in infinite variety, mark their last resting places.

The group of Statuary by Thom, representing Old Mortality, and Sir Walter Scott, is of itself worth a visit to Laurel Hill.

Beech Spring, N. C.

From the Washington Globe.

THE INDIANS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The report of Mr. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, furnishes full particulars of the present conditon of the aboriginal tribes inhabiting various parts of the Territory of the Union. We condence from it a brief account of each tribe.

The Indians of New York have almost all adopted the manners and customs of the society in which they live.—They have schools, in which their children receive careful instruction; churches, which they regularly attend; libraries, of which they make frequent and advantageous use; orphan asylums and infirmaries; in fine, all the institutions by which the white race is usually distinguished from their own. The Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Tonawandas, the Cattaraugus Indians, and the Senecas of Alleghany, have large and beautiful farms, and apply themselves with much success to the culture of the soil. They largely enjoy that comfort which is much prized by the Anglo-Saxons, and are not entire strangers to the arts. Some of them are musicians of considerable talent.

The Indians of Michigan are also making rapid progress in civilization, and, instead of decreasing, like the wandering tribes, they are daily increasing in number. By virtue of an agreement concluded with the General Government, each family is entitled to a piece of land, chosen by its chief, and upon which it permanently settles.

The Chippewas of Lake Superior, inhabiting the reversed lands of the northern peninsula of Michigan, the north of Wisconsin, and that part of Minnesota extending from St. Louis river to the English frontier, have received from the Government a complete assortment of farming implements, household utensils, portable kichens, beds, mattresses, chairs, bureaus, glasses, &c. Many of them, pleased with such unexpected riches, have built houses, for the purpose of enjoying the good things given them by the Government. There are now many schools among them.

The Oneidas, Stockbridges and Menomonees inhabit Wisconsin. There are troubles among them, which, however, the Government hopes to settle amiably. It has set a part a belt of land for the Menomonees, who are already building houses upon it. They seem disposed to become entirely civilized, but some speculators are endeavoring to defeat the benevolent purposes of the Government. The only whites among them are the agnet, a farmer, a miller, a blacksmith, and a teacher. All outdoor work is done by the indians, many of whom have become skillful carpenters.

In the South nf Minnesota are the Winnebagoes, whose vices the Government are laboring to correct.

The Black-Feet, the Flat-Heads, and other tribes living near the source of the Mississippi, have been at peace for more than a year. The Ohamas are improving. The Sacs and Foxes on the Missouri reject civilization, and are noted for their idleness. The Towas are more industrious. The Kickapoos, after much hesitation, have resolved to remain in their reservation, and have there cultivated farms, of which the productiveness and other advantages have fully opened their eyes to the benefits of their new life. They are gradually relinquishing their wandering habits.

The Delawares, notwithstanding their warlike habits have remained neutral in Kansas, and are gradually improving. The Wayandots have promised to dissolve their organization as a tribe, and to become citizens of the United States, as soon as they shall have received the lands promised them. They are intelligent and honest. The Shawnees bid fair to be one day the richest inhabitants in Kanas. Some of the Pottawatomies have turned their attention to agriculture, and have made fine crops; the rest refuse to renounce their wandering life, and the illtreatment which they have received from certain of the whites has confirmed them in their barbarism.

THE DEFINITION OF THE WORD CREOLE.—Some suppose the Creole to be nearly black, imagining the word to be used as a term of disgrace or reproach. The Spanish word *Crillo* (Creole) was originally applied to the descendents of whites in Mexico, South America, and the West Indies, in whom white blood, unmixed with that of every other race, existed. This is still the only acceptance of the term in the West Indies. A *Mulatto* is the offspring of a white and Negro, a *Quadroon*, of a white and a Mulatto, being one-quarter black, a Mustee, of a white and a Quadroon, or one-eighth black, and a Mustafina, of a white and a Mustee, being one-sixteenth black. Terms implying a much less admixture of black blood are prevalent in Cuba. Creole simply means a white native of those tropical climates.

The Sacs and Foxes on the Mississippi think only of war, and despise the arts of peace. They are intemperate, quarrelsome, and aggressive, and are fast diminishing in number. The savages who infest the Santa Fe road, and the other routes to New Mexico, are as dangerous and incorrigible.

The Camanches, who pass the winter South of the Arkansas river, and hunt buffalo during the spring and summer, continue to disturb and commit depredations upon the frontiers of Texas. In the winter they live by pillage. The Cheyennes, who live on the upper part of the Arkansas river, are peaceable; yet many murders committed on the river Platte, near Fort Kearney, are laid to their charge.

The most profound peace reigns among the Southean tribes, of whom almost all conform to the wishes of the Government. The Osages, who are gradually disappearing, are the only tribe that retain polygamy, and who will not work. The Cherokees make good farmers. The Cehasaws heve adopted a constitution, and elect by ballot their Governor and other officers.

THE CAMELS OF TEXAS.—The Galveston News contains correspondence from Castroville, Medina county, Texas, dated 19th ult, from which we take the following interesting particulars in relation to the camels which have lately been imported there by the United States Government;

"I had also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Major Wayne, for several years attached to the War Department in Washington City, who went out last year to Asia and introduced the camels into this country, which arrived at Indianola last spring, and are now kept at this post. It has been selected by him as the best adapted to that service for which he intends them. When we arrived they were out grazing, some two miles distant, attended by the Arabs who have charge of them, when Major Wayne very kindly sent out and had them driven in for our inspection. There are altogether thirty-two, including some young ones, and all are in excellent health, and seem to be doing well.

The males are kept separate from the females in the coryell, and when all were housed and we had examined them carefully, accompained by Major Wayne, who gave us a very interesting account of their habits and peculiarities, he ordered one of them to be brought out and loaded as if for a journey. After kneeling to receive the pack-saddle, a most cumbrous load of itself, but such as are used in the country from which they came, a load of corn was placed on the animal's back, sufficient for two mules to draw in a wagon, with which he started off at a good round pace. A dromedary was next led out, which is the saddle animal of the camel, and, after kneeling to receive the saddle, he was mounted by an Arab, who started, off across the prairie at a pace which seemed to me not much short of a two forty lick. They can keep up this pace for hours in succession, traveling with perfect ease from eighty to one hundred miles per day.

They can also subsist for several days without water, and their adaptability to the frontier service, for which they are designed, is now a matter beyond doubt. Major Wayne informed me that he had forty more animals coming out, and he is now building a stable in which they will be kept."

AWFUL TRAGEDY—A DOUBLE MURDER!—Our community was thrown into great excitement Saturday morning last, on discovery that two persons, John Haney and his wife Fanny, both Irish, had been murdered the night previous, about a mile from town. Haney was found dead in his house with his neck broken, the skull mashed in, and other marks of violence ubout his person, done with an axe. His wife was found about seventy five yards from their cheif residence in a dying condition, having many cuts and bruises on the head and shoulders, from the effects of which she remained senseless without speaking and expired Saturday afternoon Strange as it may appear no clue has yet been ascertained as to who perpetrated this horrid deed of blood, by which two unprepared souls have been ushered into eternity in the presence of an avenging Judge.

Salisbury Herald.

EQUALITY.—A bill admitting negroes to equality with the whites, as witnesses in courts, has passed the Iowa Senate, and will undoubtedly be concurred in by the House—both branches being strongly Republican.

PHOTOGRAPHED CHECKS.—It seems that the danger of photographic counterfeits is not confined altogether to bank-notes. The New York Tribune says that a small check on one of the largest Wall street banks was prepared as a test, and upon presentation was paid without hesitation by the teller. It was absolutely a perfect *fac simile*. The party presenting it afterwards reclaimed the check and returned the money. Banks cannot be too careful of these photographic counterfeits, and should require their dealers to use two-colored checks, one color to be blue, which cannot be photographed.—*Wil. Herald.*

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE:—It is rumored that a joint resolution is to be introduced in the early part of the present session for the establishment of a Government Printing Office, where also the binding, as well as all the printing, both of Congress and the departments are to be executed. It is probable that the project will be adopted.

A LITERARR TASK.—Hon. Wm. C Rives of Virginia, has, it is stated, undertaken to edit the Madison papers, or such of them as are in the possession of Congress and have not been filched. Among them is a letter addressed by Madison to his countrymen, with a request that it should not be opened until his death. The document is said to be strongly for Union under all circumstances.

EXPEDITION AGAINST CHINA.—We find the followirg paragraph in the Paris letter to the Commercial Advertiser, received by the last mail:

"But another expedition is spoken of, which will interest particularly the United States, and that is *an expedition on the part of England and France against China*. It is rumored that a very large and formidable fleet is to leave in the Spring for the China ports; to give assistance to missionaries who have been maltreated in that country, *and at the same time to attempt negotiation of more liberal commercial treaties*. The Catholic Clergy of France are in great joy at this anticipated project, and large number of missionaries are preparing to accompany the expedition. I cannot, however, guarantee the truth of this report.

VALUE OF NEGROES IN THE SOUTH.—We learn from the Greenville (S. C.) *Patriot* that the price of negroes in that State is ranging at exhorbitant figures. A negro woman, a good house servant, sold at public auction at Greenville Court House, for the sum of $1,445. Men sold from $1,000 to $1,500.—Boys at $800 and $1,000. Girls, eight and ten years old, brought $800 and $900. We believe, however, that these are about the common prices paid for negroes throughout the country. The price of negroes show, however, that we are not much afraid of Abolition and the Abolitionists.

MEDICAL SOCIETY OF N. C.—A bill of incorporation has been introduced in the Legislature by Mr. Speer, of Yadin. Gives it the usual privileges of corporations; and provides for an appointment, by the Society, of a board of Medical examiners, 5 in number, whose duty it shall be to examine all applicants for license to practice—no person entitled to practice without such license, and the license only to be granted to graduates of a regular Medical College. Examiners' fee $10. Persons practicing without license not entitled to sue for or recover any medical bill.

GEN CASS' SUCCESSOR.—Zachariah Chandler, who has been chosen by the Republicans of Michigan to replace Gen. Cass in the United States Senate, for six years from the 4th of March next, is a merchant of Detroit, and, at the same time a zealous politician. He was the whig candidate for Governor of Michigan, in 1852, was beaten by the Hon. Robert McClelland, the present Secretary of the Interior.

HORRID MURDER.—We learn that a Mr. Jos. Eunett, of Onslow Co. killed one of his slaves, by brutally whipping him to death last week. After committing the crime he managed to make his escape and has not yet been arrested. If we are correctly informed, he has twice before been suspected of similar acts. We trust that vigilance will be used in ascertaining his whereabouts, in order that the culprit may answer for his delinquencies.

PIGS' FEET AND TAPEWORMS.—We commend the following from the Scientific American to the lovers of pigs, feet hereabouts: "The tapeworm is described in its the Paris Gazette Medicale to have its origin as follows: The Hebrews are never troubled with it, and dogs that are fed on pork are universally so afflicted; in fact, it turns out that a small parasite worm called chrysteceräs, (from two words signifying a small sect and a tail, which much affects pork,) no sooner reaches the stomach than, from the change of diet and position, it is metamorphosed into the well-known tapeworm, and experiments upon a condemned criminal have established the fact beyond contradiction."

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THE TIMES.

It published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
MARTHA HAINES BUTT, Norfolk, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, New York, (formerly Charleston, S. C.)

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, JAN. 29, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Travelling Agents.

R. B. Prather, book agent, for the counties of Guilford, Rockingham, Person, Caswell, Alamance and Orange, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the *Times*.

S. M. Parish is our authorized agent to receive subscriptions for the *Times*.

Our Corresponding Editors and acknowledged Contributors are authorized agents.

☞ We allow agents a good per cent. and would like to employ several hundred.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principles. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER; OR, THE GOLDEN KEY, a Union Story pronounced by competent judges of most brilliant interest—to be donated as a New Year's Present to the "Times."

LIFE PICTURES; HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, by *Fanny Fielding*, author of "Footprints of the Pestilence."

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

THE MAD CAP AND HER COUSINS, a prize story by *Mrs. C. H. Criswell.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Deseree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

MUSIC, In a series of articles, by *Rev. Dr. Hauser*, author of 'Hesperian Harp.'

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES; Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The World shall be our text book.

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THE MAILS:—We go to press Thursday morning having had no mails North of Petersburg for nearly two weeks. We understand the cars ran to Richmond on Tuesday; if so, where the mail bags?

THE LEGISLATURE:—Several items of interest are given else where in this paper. A letter intended for publication in last weeks issue, from Mr Ogburn, come to hand too late, being "snowed under" on the way. It is too *old* to be interestig this week. The bill to incorporate the Peoples, Bank, has been rejected, yas 41, nays 66.

The *Standard* says, Tuesday, "the greater portion of the day, in the House, was devoted to the Revenue bill. It was read, and acted upon, section by section; and at the time of taking a recess for the night session, the House had proceeded as far as the 22d section. It will most probably pass the House in nearly the shape in which it went to that body from the Senate.

The two Houses *may* adjourn *sine die* on Monday next; but it will require constant attention and much labor to get throth with all the important business by that time."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—John W. Holibay was fatally injured by the bursting of a cannon, which he was engaged in firing in Kinston, on the 1st inst. He was a painter by trade from Greenville.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

☞ We received the following private letter on Tuesday last from our Corresponding Editor, Rob. G. Staples, Esqr., and as the snow has cut us off from Northern entercourse, we take the privilege of publishing. The citizens of Portsmouth have an experiance common with the rest of Mankind:

PORTSMOUTH VA., Jan. 22nd 1857.

SIR:—Last saturday (17th inst.,) was a pleasant day for winter's weather altho' cloudy. But at night the wind shifted and it commenced snowing. Sunday morning was one of the worst days ever experienced by the oldest inhabitants—the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the snow which was falling very fast drifted to the height of ten and twelve feet almost hiding some of the smaller tenements and blockading the doors of others so as to prevent either ingress or egress. The wind continued to howl all day, and the snow which they truly say will enter wherever a breath of air can penetrate, regardless of doors, windows or blinds entered the domiciles of the rich as well as the poor, and in some Houses was at least six inches on a level. Monday morning many awoke to find their beds covered with snow. Monday was one of the most intensely cold days I ever experienced. The Elizabeth River which is *salt* was frozen chock and block. Sunday night during the storm the chimney of a Mr. Kerr was blown down killing his wife, and covering himself and child so that they were unable to extricate themselves,—and were only recovered from the ruins after much hard labor. They were, (both father and child) very seriously injuired. We have been icolated from the world and the rest of mankind for the whole week; communication by the way of Baltimore has been cut off. The Cars which communicate with the South by the way of Weldon have made frequent but ineffectual attempts to make trips but could never succeed in getting further than the first watering place. The only communication we have with our sister city (Norfolk) is carried on by foot passengers on the ice. There is no wood to be had—the only wood in the place being that which the Humane Society have for the poor. There is very little of anything to be had in the eating line—and doubtless if we could only know, the suffering is truly great. This letter is written on the spur of the moment, and per consequence is very disconnected—but it is written only to give you a faint idea of how we are situated at the present moment of time. Tuesday, forenoon, the sky brightened and the wind lulled with a fair prospect of clearing, but in the night the wind increased in fury and the snow fell thick and fast, but lasted only for a short period. Wednesday the sun appeared, and his genial warmth was truly gratifying—the snow commenced thawing somewhat, and continued to melt till about 11 o'clock at night, when such a whistling of the wind as was never heard—and the snow again fell thick and fast. The Steamer "Hunter Woodes" succeeded in cutting a passage Wednesday from Norfolk to Portsmouth, but to day the Thermometer stands at thirteen, and the Steamer cannot move an inch so thick is the sheet of ice covering the vast expanse of waters. Tuesday a party of Portsmouth gentlemen went on a ducking excursion, and travelled a destance of six miles on the ice, and this, too in the channel of the river. They report that in the trip they passed thro' walls of snow on either side of them more than six feet in height above the level of the congealed water. Since penning the above Madam Rumor says that the cars which left here Monday returned yesterday having after hard labor and repeated effort succeeded in reaching Weldon—but they bring no mail to prove that they've been any further than the back woods. How long the severe weather will continue we know not. The sky over head is clear and beautiful and the sun shines brilliantly to day—but its warmth is not sufficient to melt to tears the snow banks. I know of nothing more to communicate—and give these brief notes for what they are worth. If any thing of moment occurs you will hear of it from Yours Truly—

ROBERT G. STAPLES.

A NEW GROG SHOP.—The last Asheboro Bulletin, noticeing the opening of a new shop in its vicinity, uses the following language. We puplish it for the benifit of such others as the cap may fit.—

"Of all the mean, low, degrading, contemptable acts, which men are capable of doing, that of selling liquor ranks first.

We would kindly ask this man to ponder well upon this subject before he further goes. If any other business you have this will certainly fail, for liquor and an honorable business cannot exist together in this town. Public opinion is against you—none for you except the devil and his auxileries. Ponder well, my friend, look to your own interests, then will you be a citizen respected by all those who encourage industry and morality. We are no prophets, nor the son of a prophet, but here let me say that if you embark in the liquor business, you will rest in a drunkards grave in two years from this date."

DR. DEEMS:—By invitation, the Rev. C. F. Deems D.D., of Wilmington, delivered a lecture before the Literary and Scientific Institute of Norfolk, on Thursday evening last. The Daily News says: "The attention of a large and fashionable audience was enchained for more than an hour, by a chaste, scholastic and truly eloquent lecture. The Dr. fully sustained his reputation as one of the most brilliant orators of the day."

The Oak City Guards—Raleigh.

We should have noticed sooner, this praiseworthy undertaking on the part of this fine Volunteer Corpse, to enliven the times and entertain the Citizens, members of the Legislature and Visitors, with something Substantial in the way of Literature and Science.

Having had the pleasure of attending three of these lectures, delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, we add our testimony to much that has been said in their praise. And we judge from the large and intelligent auditories, that attend them that they are as they should be, highly appreciated. We know of no more pleasant and profitable way of spending an evening, than by attending these rare intellectual treats.

The first of the series was delivered by the distinguished President of the University, Ex Gov. Swain; subject. "The Geographical and Physical History of North Carolina. The Second by James Banks, Esq., of Fayetteville; subject. "The Romance of Scottish History." The third By the Rev. Prof. Hubbard, of Chapel Hill; subject. "Life and Times of Gov. Caswell."

STATISTICS OF CRIME:—We are indebted to L. M. Scott Esqr., Commoner from this County, for a copy of the following bill, introduced by him into the House. Notwithstanding the strong opposition with which the bill met, we are glad to learn it has passed its three several readings in the House with decided majorities. We hope it may meet the same fortune in the Senate, as we conceive it to be a most important step in our State Legislation. To eradicate any evil, the most important move is to find its origin. Dry up the source, and the bitter waters will cease to flow. Show the people the origin of their heavy taxes, and see if they are not both wise and patriotic. But to the bill which carries its own recommendation.

A bill to provide for procuring Statistics of crime in this State.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same.* That in order to furnish accurate statistical information of the amount of crime in this State, it shall be the duty of the Solicitors in each and every Judicial Circuit in the State, to report in writing to the Attorney General, twice in every year viz; on or before the first days of March and September in said year, full and accurate statements of all trials for Capitol felonies and other high misdemeanors in their said circuits, setting forth the character of the crimes, the causes as near as may be which led to their commission, the results of the trials, and such other particulars in relation thereto as may be useful and interesting to the public.

SECTION 2. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the Attorney General to report the several statements of crime above required to be made to him, together with the like cases in his own circuit, properly arranged and classified, to the Governor of the State to be laid before each General Assembly.

SECTION 3. *Be it further enacted*, That any Solicitor or Attorney General failing to comply with the provisions of this act shall forfeit and pay for each and every offense the seem of one hundred dollars, one half to the person sueing for the same, the other half to the use of the Literary Fund.

SECTION 4. *Be it further enacted*, That this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its ratification.

SLEIGHING:—A little of the tallest kind has been going on in our town for several days. It has been one continuous jingle of bells from morning until night. And merry, merry the time has passed. We have also been favored with visits from the county farmers, who in imitation of the *ton*, must of course have the sweet sounds of the little music making bells. We presume all the bell cows and sheep were housed before they left home, or some of them may yet be frost bitten in their vain search, for the lost animals. Mr. Holden lost his pocket Book with $260. See reward in another column.

☞ The failure on Tuesday last, of Messrs Rankin & McLean, merchants of this place, has produced an unusual degree of excitement throughout the section of country where their business extended. They have for many years had a large amount of custom, and a great number of dealers and others are necessarily involved in the consequences of their failure.

This misfortune is to be deplored—on account of Messrs. R. & McL. themselves, who have so long enjoyed the confidence of the community,—as well as those who suffer by their failure.

It is to be hoped that the misfortune of individuals in this instance may result in a curtailment of the too extensive and extravegant credit system which has hitherto prevailed in our community.

GEORGIA:—Col. James Gardner, of the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia. B. H. Hill, Esqr., of Troupe County, it is supposed will be the opposing candidate.

☞ Reader, if God has prospered you, forget not the poor.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

RANDOM THOUGHTS, OR CITY LIFE.

BY WM. R. HUNTER.

NUMBER V.

Daniel Webster, speaking of the morning, once said—"Every body knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period, 'the morning of life.' Of a lovely young woman we say, she is 'bright as the morning,' and no one doubts why Lucifer is called the 'son of the morning.' But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort a temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day belonging to the reading of the news-papers, answering notes, sending the children to school and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the East, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring, into orange and red, till at length the glorious sun is seen regent of the day,—this they never enjoy, for they never see it! Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are strongest perhaps in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the 'wings of the morning.' This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said the sun of righteousness shall arise 'with healing in his wings'—a rising sun that shall scatter life, health and joy throughout the Universe.

Milton has fine descriptions of the morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings, pages might be filled, of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of the morning. I never thought Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. We see as fine risings of the sun as Adam ever saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a great deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude."

What beautiful thought these, and how beautifully expressed! They came to us this morning, in all their truthfulness, as we walked out, an hour ago, to get a baptism of the fresh, pure air of heaven, to invigorate us for the duties of the day. Ah there is a soothing balm to our throbbing temples, bathed as now, by the gentle breeze of morning wafted hither from old Ocean, as we sit and listen to her murmuring riples as they break upon the distant strand. But how still and solemn, awfully solemn, is a great city at an hour like this; with its Myriad of inhabitants all shut up within these barricaded walls of brick and morter, and nothing to break the deathlike stillness except the low rumbling of a solitary while as it echoes along these broad avenues, which are now deserted by all save the weary careworn watcher at the couch of sickness, as, with a sad heart, she bends her footsteps in search of a healing balm for the loved and dying—or may hap the vile wretch, who steals forth from his covert of darkness seeking to escape from the place of his last night's debaucheries, or scence of deeper crimes, ere the City's weary sentinel is aroused from his morning slumber. As the shades of night disappear, and

"The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care
Of sinful man the sad inheritance—
Summoning the revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den—
What various scenes, and O what scenes of woe
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The feverish patient from his pallet low
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream—
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam—
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail—
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream
The wakeful mother, by the gleaming pale
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail."

We never sit musing thus, amid the solemn quietude of the city without thinking of the Poem entitled "The Last Man;" and we often imagine what would be the feelings of such an one, as he sat solitary and olone, the last of his race, in all the Universe of God! The mournful cadence of the passing breeze would seem to say—This, this, is Death—the child—the youth, the man of riper years, all slumber here to wait the final day. The flowers resign their beauty,—trees weep their golden tears on the sod below,—earth, sea and vales, all Nature dies; while the soul of man, itself exhales in sorrow like the wail of some low plaintive melody which is answered only by the mournful Echoe—"Long ago."

Still the angel-stars are shining;
Still the rippling waters flow;
But the angel-voice is silent
That I heard here long ago,
Hark! the echoes murmur, low
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely
Still the plashing fountains play;
But the Past, and all its beauty,
Whither has it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say,
Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth—
Now indeed her song is pain—
Visions of my happy hours,
Do I call, and call in vain?
Hark! the echoes cry, again,
All in vain!

Cease, oh echoes, mournful echoes—
Once I loved your voices well!
Now my heart is sick and weary,
Days of old—a long farewell!
Hark! the echoes, sad and dreary
Cry, farewell!

Sad lot indeed to be the lone one, of all earths millions, to witness the ushering in of the last sombre morning which is to seal the dooms of a world; with no loved voice to speak peace to the troubled soul—but hark! the chimes of "Old Trinity" break in upon our morning meditations, as they note the passing hour; and as their silvery tones fall upon the ear they seem to say—*tempus abire tibi est*—so reader, adieu for the present.

New York, 5 O'clock, A. M.

AWFULEY DISTRESSING NEWS FROM PETERSBURG!—NINETEEN PERSONS REPORTED TO BE FROZEN TO DEATH!—We learn (says the Raleigh Register of the 20th instant,) by way of Goldsboro' that a telegraphic despatch was received at Weldon, on Thursday last, stating that owing to a great deficiency in the supply of coal, and the intense severity of the weather, nineteen persons *were frozen to death!* We hope this report may turn out to be unfounded, but fear that it is too true, at least to some extent. It will be remembered by our readers, that the Editor of this paper stated in his letter that the supply of coal was nearly or quite out, and we know ourself, that wood is always scarce in that city. We understand, also, that the snow in Petersburg was *three feet deep.*

P. S. We learn by a passenger from Petersburg that the suffering is not so great as above reported. Only some four or five persons have perished from exposure to the cold.

CONGRESS:—Jan. 16.—HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Taylor the post office committee was directed to enquire into the expediency of weekly mails from New Orleans and New York to San Francisco by the Tehuantepec route as soon as the road is completed.—Also another resolution by Mr. Walker was adopted, making similar enquiry as to making a weekly mail from Mobile to San Francisco.

Mr. Morrell's resolution was adopted, asking the President whether resistance had been made or is apprehended against the official authorities of Utah, and for all correspondence respecting the appointment and declination of officers of that Territory, since January, 1852, and whether the laws are practically impartially administered.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill for the relief of sick and disabled seamen.

Jan. 21.—The House to day by resilution caused the arrest of Simonton, the correspondent of the New York Times. He made a speech in his own defence on the charge of contempt in refusing to answer certain questions of the Committee of Investigation. A resolution was passed to hold him in close custody during the present session.

Jan. 22.—The Senate to day passed the Submarine Telegraph bill.

ROCKINGHAM & COALFIELD RAILROAD:—A bill has been introduced into the House by Mr. Settle, and passed its three several readings, entitled as above. We have not seen it, but understand the bill proposes to run a branch from the North Carolina road at Greensboro, to Leaksville or some other point in Rockingham, tapping the Dan River Coalfield. The Charter asks for no State aid, and as the people demand the road at their own cost, we hope and think the Legislature ought to grant it.

SYNAGOGUES IN CALIFORNIA.—We learn from the Voice of Israel that there are in California the following number of synagogues, which are all in good standing, viz., in San Francisco, three; in Sacramento, two; and in each of Shasta, Stockton, Grass Valley and Sonora, one; in all nine synagagues. Only two of the San Francisco synagogues—the Sherith Isreal and the Emanuel—are, from their position, capable, at present, of engaging a minister at such a salary as would warrant the right to expect a competent party. In the Emanuel, the salary is fixed at $3,000 per annum, for a minister, reader and teacher.

RIVER UNDERGROUND:—A subterranean river has been struck by the persons engaged in boring an artesian well at Henderson, Ky., from which a jet of water is forced up through the bore and thrown to the height of fifty feet above the surface of the ground.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

JANUARY 5th 1857.

Messrs. Editors:—The following is from one of our Teachers of common schools in Union. Hoping it will stimulate others to do the same, I forward it to you for a place in the Times. M. W. C.

M. W. Cuthbertson, Chairman.—SIR:—Enclosed you have the return made by me of my school taught in the East end of District No. 24. It commenced school the 21st of July 1856, and ended the 22nd of October, (losing but one day in the term.) The average attendance of Students P day was 37 2-5. The male scholars averaged 19 1-3, and the Females 18 1-20 each day.

The number which attended school was 63 including all in the District *except two;* Of this number there are 35 who can read and write, and a large number very good in Arithmetic, and about 25, under ten years of age pursuing the lower branches. I freely and cheerfully return my thanks to the students generally, and especially to the more advanced young men and Misses, for their punctual attendance, respectful behavior, and good example during the term of school which has just closed. Very Respectfully yours,

G. W. MAY.

THE TWO LIGHTS, by the Author of "Struggles for Life." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1856.

It has not been our privilege to peruse a work, for some time, of so much interest as the "Two Lights." The author writes in an easy style, with an excellent use of language. The book is a novel in reality, but treats of Theology as a subject. We admire the plot, and feel that just such a work was called for, and if read, is destined to do much good. Those especially who are watching the rising purposes of a proud and godless Rationality to undermine the foundations and overthrow the strong holds of Revelation, will see the importance of this contribution to the cause of Truth. The two characters, the man of Reason, and the man of faith in Revelation, are well delineated. We hope the "Two Lights" may be read and studied. We may notice again.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for February has been received. To the Ladies, Godey stands preeminent over all Magazine makers for beauty, brilliancy and interest. We furnish the Lady's Book to our subscribers at 2.00 per annum. There is no speculation on our part, but a clear saving to the subscriber of 1.00. We make orders for the "Book" every week, call and get a copy for 1857.

"PLOUGH LOOM AND ANVIL; or American Farmers' Magazine; devoted to Agriculture and kindred Arts." The January number of this publication is on our table. We have examined its mechanism and its contents, and are highly pleased with it in every respect. We feel confident that no farmer or mechanic can read and practice without realizing much benefit. See prospectus in another column of this paper.

A FEARFUL PASSAGE:—Some idea of the difficulty of seavoyageing at this season, may be gained by the following account of the passage of the steamer *Marion* from New York to Charleston last week.

"During Saturday night a storm came up, and the steamer was compelled to lay to at cape Hatteras for twenty-six hours, consequence of its violence. The cold, too, was so intense that five horses were frozen to death and the deck and combings masts, sails, rigging, and every portion of the vessel exposed, were covered with ice to the thickness of six or seven inches."

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PAPER.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things which are familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child.

FROM EUROPE:—Our latest news is by the Steamer Persia, from Liverpool the 10th inst. As yet we have only seen a meagre telegraphic despatch which says—

"The political news brought by the Persia is highly important. The Swiss difficulty has been settled, and the Paris Congress having disposed of the business before it adjourned just before the departure of the Persia."

REV. B. CRAVEN:—We learn that Pres. Craven has consented to deliver an address in April next, before the Educational Institute of the Methodist Episcopal church South, in Nashville, Tenn. It is conceded by all who ever heard Mr. C. lecture, that he has an uncommonly strong mind, well stored. We congratulate the Institute for their most excellent selection, and bespeak for him, as a North Carolinian and a man of ability, a large and attentive audience.

MARRIED,

In Yadkin county, N. C., on the 11th inst., by Rev. W. L. Van Eaton, Rev. W. U. ROBY, to Miss MARGARET G. CLAYWELL.

In this County, on Wednesday 22nd. inst, by Rev. J. M. Gunn, ORLANDO HINSHAW of Randolph, to MISS NANCEY A TUCKER, of Guilford.

In Franklin county, N. C. at the residence of the bride's father, on the 15th inst. by Rev. R. T. HEFLIN, Rev. ROBERT C. MAYNARD, of N. C. Conference, and MISS. SERAPHINA A. COOKE, daughter of JONES COOKE, ESQ.

DIED,

In this county, on the 25th inst., JOSEPH GIBSON, aged 72 years. Mr. Gibson was a good and influential citizen, and many, besides his relatives, will mourn his demise.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.
April, 1856.

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.
CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

3 DOZ. the great IRON WHEEL examined, or its false spokes extracted, and an exhibition of ELDER GRAVES, its Builder. By W. G. Brownlow, Editor of Brownlow's Knoxville Whig.
Just received and for sale by
June, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS;

The Greensboro' Times is a handsome family journal, worthy the patronage of all lovers of light literature. It has several editors and quite a number of correspondents who write for the paper regularly. If all those who annually rend their money North to build up the namby-pamby papers of that section, would sustain the Times—a home journal—they would receive a better gazette in the first place, and have the consciousness of aiding a Southern publication in the second.—*Herald, Wilmington, N. C.*

An independent and Literary Journal published weekly at Greensboro', North Carolina, under the management of Ogburn, Cole & Albright, assisted by numerous Southern contributors. It is a Southern paper, with Southern affinities, gotten up by Southern effort and offering a market for Southern literary products.—*Democratic Watchtower, Talladega Ala.*

This paper has been enlarged, and otherwise improved. It is a literary journal, neutral in politics, and devoted to the educational and internal improvements interests of North Carolina. It deserves an extensive patronage.—*Standard, Raleigh, N. C.*

This excellent Southern Literary Journal has just entered upon its second volume greatly improved and enlarged. It shows signs of encouragement; and we hope it will take that place, in the families of North Carolinians, which has so long been filled with the too often, abolition prints of the North.

In neatness, and a literary point of view the *Times* equals the best Northern papers. We hope that its enterprising Editors will meet with that encouragement which they merit.—*Express, Newberne, N. C.*

The Greensborough Times—an excellent family paper by the way—has been enlarged and otherwise improved. This notice should have appeared something earlier; but having been away during the first days of the month, our hands were so full last week that this, as well as several other matters, slipped through our fingers. Encourage home enterprises, and home literature.—*Argus Fayetteville N. C.*

Plow, Loom and Anvil;
OR,
AMERICAN FARMERS' MAGAZINE.
Edited and Published by
J. A. Nash and M. P. Parish, at No. 7 Beekman Street, New York, near Park Row.

TERMS.—$3.00 to Single Subscribers, not paying in advance; $2.50 each to Two Subscribers, advancing the money in one letter; $2.00 each to Three Subscribers, so advancing, and $1.50 each to any larger number.

From its commencement, eight years since, this journal has been conservative in principle, reliable in statements, national in character, and single in its great object of advancing the useful arts, placing Agriculture first, and striving to develop its science and to shed light on all its practical details; but deeming that Agriculture can flourish only in conjunction with the Mechanic Arts, and that these, hand in hand with Agriculture, form the only permanent basis of a nation's material prosperity. With these principles always prominent, it has maintained a high moral position, making it a fit visitant of the family circle, and has obtained a more select and a wider patronage than often happens to journals of the kind.

By taking in an additional editor, to be entirely devoted to the Agricultural Department, we have "doubled our team" and are "going ahead," omitting no efforts whatever to make this journal specially acceptable and valuable to the Agriculturist, a help to the practical farmer in his daily business, and an assistant in the training of his sons to higher degrees of excellence in the profession. Moved by the progressive spirit of the age, and desirous of disseminating the foregoing principlus still more widely, most earnestly believing that their adoption will be promotive of good, and of good only, to the whole country, we have introduced the club system, by which those who desire can obtain the work for actually less than the paper, printing, and binding would cost, were it not that we publish a very large edition.

Reader, look at our prices, and send us $3.00 for a single copy; or, if you desire it for less, send us $2.50 each for yourself and a neighbor, or $2.00 each for yourself and two others, or $1.50 each for yourself and any larger number; and if you would see the work first, let us know, and we will forward specimen numbers to your address gratuitously. This, all will say, is fair, and now let us hear from you on the cash principle, by which you can get the largest and best Agricultural Journal for half what we could afford it if we had to do the business with you through soliciting and collecting agents. Such is the effect of the cash system on the subscribers to periodicals. Address as above.

A CARD.

THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX,
A. P. ECKLE,
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.
(56::tf)

FRESH ARRIVALS.

PER SCHR. D. C. Hulse, from New York:

25 Bags Rio Coffee,
10 Bbls C. T. Sugar,
10 Kegs Goshen Butter, prime,
Low for cash.
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.
Wilmington, Jan. 15.

$25.00 REWARD.

LOST by the Subscriber, on Saturday 24th instant, between his house and Greensboro, or within the corporate limits of said town, a POCKET BOOK, containing $260 in paper money. Any person returning said pocket book to the subscriber, two miles Northeast of town, or to the Times Office, shall receive a reward of $25.00.
(56::1t) S. D. HOLDEN.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS,

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by
E. W. OGBURN.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by
E. W. OGBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

EARLY LOVE.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

We met in our youth and we loved
With a zeal to angels only known;
With the light heart of youth we would rove
O'er the fields where the cattle did roam:
We culled the sweet flowers together,
And wreathed, as we sat in the grove—
While many a tale I would tell her
Of childish affection and love.

How quickly the hours would glide
Away into eternity's sea
While this angel of love—my pledged bride—
Nestled down so close beside me;
Her jet-black curls would be lying
On her neck with beauty and ease,
Or else would be tossing and playing
About on the impudent breeze.

But, alas! the joy never lasted—
The pleasure I found by her side;
All my fond hopes to-day seem blasted,
For Death hath stolen my bride!
From a sweet dream of bliss I awoke,
With sorrow's deep pang in my heart—
I found "the destroyer's" foul stroke
Had severed life's fond tie apart!

Bridgeport, Ct., 1857.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the further end
By some plebian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on heirs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose,
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HESSIE ABBOT:

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LELIA LAUREL."

CHAPTER VI.

Hessie, was now twelve years old, but one would not think it, she was so slender, and pale; but she was rather rigid, and assisted her mother much in her household affairs and went on errands to the little village a half mile beyond her home, for her mother.

One pleasant morning in June she was walking with her little basket that contained eggs to purchase sundry articles. Manger was by her side, for his presence was indispensible, even on her short journeys.

"Run, Manger, and get it," and she pointed to something that glittered in the sunshine a few feet before them. Manger obeyed and stood waiting for Hessie to come up. It proved to be a very valuable gold watch. Hessie was surprised for she never saw but one and that was her uncle Henry's seven years before; but who was supposed to have been lost at sea three years.

She placed it carefully in her basket and when she arrived at the shop, she hesitatingly enquired if such a watch had been lost, but she could discover no trace of the loser. She feared to trust it in other hands, for then the true owner might never receive it.

"I will carry it to father and he will find the true owner, and have the joy of seeing him made happy by our ownselves."

Hessie had not gone half the distance home when a very gentlemanly dressed man, accosted her and enquired, if she had heard of any one's finding a watch?

"Of what description?"

"Gold, with a small anchor attached to the ring and a carved back."

"Is this the one, sir?"

"Yes; but where did you find it?"

"As I came to town this morning."

"Ah, then I passed it, but it fell into good hands—so here take this for your honesty and fidelity"—handing her a gold coin.

"I thank you, I have done nothing but my duty and wish no reward, sir; indeed mother would be very angry if I should accept it, for so trifling a favor."

"It is no small favor to me; but will you tell me your name?"

"Hessie Abbott."

"Abbott! where do your parents reside?"

"In that cottage you just passed."

"What is your father's name?"

"Morrill Abbott."

"Morrill Abbott! Your mother's?"

"Mella, sir?"

"Give them this," handing her a name upon a card; "and tell them, I will call in two hours."

When Hessie returned, she stated to her mother the circumstances of the morning, handing her the card.

"It, cannot be, no it cannot be!"

"What mother?"

"Mr. Abbott! he that we believed dead yet liveth—the lost is found?" said she as she read upon the card, "Henrie Abbott Commander of the Ship Flying Arrow."

"No, it is not, it's an imposter."

"Oh, father it was uncle Henrie—I remember him well, he had a scar upon his cheek, yes, it is him, he will be here soon, for it is most two hours now."

Two hours passed slowly, for they watched anxiously, they were in joyful suspense. It passed, however, and the stranger, true to his promise, was among them. It was indeed the lost brother, who five years before had left his native land as a sailor, owing to some difficulty, in settling the father's estate, which resulted in Henrie's unjustly obtaining one thousand dollars which rightly belonged to Morrill.

"Is it possible it is my brother whom we mourned for as dead, and placed an humble slab to mark his remains? Oh, that our mother knew of your safe return," said the weeping brother.

"Did you really mourn for me, who had treated you so unjustly, robbed you and your family of your property? but, oh, God, I hope you have not suffered, when the money would have prevented it. But, why I have been spared, God only knows, without to make double reparation for past sins."

"Speak not of that, we are comfortable, and how could we suffer for that which we never had, or feel its need? We are brothers, forget the past and let us hear of your troubles and travels."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR BOX.

QUESTION 8—A man purchased a certain number of oxen for 600 dollars, and he found that, had he got three more for the same money, they would each have cost him tow dollars less. How many did he purchase?

QUESTION 9—The product of two numbers is 36, and the less number increased by twice the square root of their differance is less than the greater number by 3.—What are the numbers?

ANSWERS:—To Enigma, "Greenland;" to ques. 4, 64 feet 3 inches, 8 feet 6 inches; to ques. 5, 10 and 13; to ques. 6, 5 and 7;

CONUNDRUM:—When a kiss passes between Albert and Victoria, what London public building does it resemble? Ans.—The Royal Exchange.

"VERY BAD."—Why are washerwomen, busily engaged, like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Ans.—Because they are *so-apy*.

Why is a pantroker a man of large family?—Ans.—Because his house is always full of little *pledges*.

Why would ladies of certain (uncert ain) age make the best commercial agents? Ans.—Because they take a lively interest in maritime (marry time) affairs.

PUNCTUATION.—A country schoolmaster, who found it rather difficult to make his pupils observe the difference,' in reading, between a comma and a full point, adopted a plan of his own, which, he flattered himself, would make them proficients in the art of punctuatior; thus, in reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say *tick*, and read on—to a colon or semicolon, *tick, tick;* and when a full point, *tick, tick, tick.* Now it so happened, the worthy dominie received notice that the parish minister was to pay a visit of examination to his school; and, as he was desirous that his pupils should show to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. "Now," said he, addressing his pupils, "when you read before the minister to-morrow, you leave out the *ticks*, though you must think of them as you go along, for the sake of elocution." So for, so good.

Next day came, and with it the minister, ushered into the schoolroom by the dominie, who, with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the scholars would meet his approval. Now it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and, in the hurry, the master had forgotten to give him instructions how to act. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied; and, in his best accent, he began to read—"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, *tick*, speak unto the children of Israel, *tick* saying, *tick*, and thus shalt thou say unto them, *tick, tick, tick.*" This unfortunate sally, acted like a shower-bath on the poor dominie, whilst the minister and his friends almost died of laughter.

ABOUT BEES.—A swarm of bees in their natural state contains from 10,000 to 20,000 of the insects, while in hives they number from 30,000 to 40,000. In a square foot of honeycomb there are about 9,000 cells. A queen bee lays her eggs for fifty or sixty consecutive days, laying about 500 daily. It takes three days to hatch each egg. In one season a single queen bee hatches about 100,000 bees. It takes 5,000 bees to weigh a pound.

A want of confidence has kept many a man silent. A want of sense has made many persons talkative.

There is one word which young ladies at grammar schools find it awful hard to decline, namely, a husband.

In a country newspaper appears the following: "A number of deaths unavoidably postponed."

Revenge is a passion. Gratitude appears to be only a sentiment. We can all hate. But it is only one man in a hundred who possesses sense enough to be thankful.

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED CITY.—The London Athenæum announces the discovery of a buried Greek City in the Levant, by Mr. Newton, British Vice Consul at Cos. The Gordon steam frigate has been sent out, with the necessary apparatus for excavations, together with cameras and photographic chemicals.

FARM, HOUSE, AND FUN.

HORSE-RADISH.—Inquiries are often made as to the most successful mode of growing horse-radish, and having had some experience in the business, I will communicate the process which I have found to be the most generally successful. The soil most congenial to the horse-radish is a moist, deep soil, replete with *humus*, but not wet. The land should be thoroughly ploughed and reduced to a fine tilth, and have sufficiency of old well decomposed manure, well worked in. It should then be ridged in ridges three feet apart one way, and the roots—about half an inch in diameter—cut into pieces one inch in length, and planted in the ridges, two feet apart, and but one piece in a place. The covering should not be deep, say one inch, and the after culture be the same in every respect as that of potatoes. The crop may be pulled after the severe autumnal frosts, stripped carefully of their fibres, and either marketed or deposited in the cellar for winter or spring use.—*Germanton Telegraph.*

CAUGHT.—A 'fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. 'Do you believe,' he said 'in the story of the prodigal son and the fatted calf?' 'Yes,, said the preacher. 'Well then was it a male or female calf that was killed?' 'A female,' promptly replied the divine. 'How do you know that?' 'Because [looking the interrogator steadily in the face] I see the male is alive now.'

FARMERS.—A beautiful thought this, that we find in one of our exchanges: "If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth. It is cankered with no fraud, it is wet by no tears, it is stained with no blood.

A young married lady of our acquaintance, whose union has not been prolific of "little darlings," has suspended on the wall in her bedroom, directly over the head of the bed, a little picture, underneath which is the follwing quotation, from Scripture: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

WORKING HORSES, OXEN, AND MULES.—Let the food of these be good in quality, and let them have enough of it; not to surfeit them, but to keep them in good order for labor. *See to it too, that they get all you allow them;* that they get it at the right times, and in the *proper state.* By having your grain chopt or ground into meal and mixed with oat hay or straw, you may save 25 per cent in grain, while your beasts will look better and be better. See that your working animals are curried and rubbed down twice a day, regularly fed and watered three times a day; that they have good clean bedding at night, and receive thrice a week, each, two ounces of salt, or that quantity of salt oyster-shell lime and ashes. When not at work, let them be slightly exercised, in good weather, daily, as standing in the stable, without exercise, is apt to swell their legs and bring on a diseased condition of the stomach. Plaster should be spread over the hind-part of the stalls and stable floor, every few days; it will protect the eyes of the horses from the bad effects of the ammoniacal gasses which are continually forming in stables; besides which it will economize the ammonia for your crops; provided, you take the proper care of the stable manure on its removal to the yard.

"My dear Amelia," said a dandy. 'I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me—but I love you—say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed—" and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed—" and he paused again, "Never mind the wood-shed," says Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

A gentleman in the spring time of life, when walking with a lady, stumbled and fell. On his resuming his perpendicular, the lady remarked she "was sorry for his unfortunate *faux pas.*" "I didn't hurt my *fore paws,*" said he, "I only barked my *knees.*"

A horse dealer had a son, who being a lad of spirit, proposed as a novel experiment, to open a stable on strictly *honest dealing;* but the father, who was a prudent man, discouraged the idea, observing that "he disliked *speculation.*

MILCH-COWS.—If you desire your milch cows to contribute generously to the pail, you must feed them liberally with succulent meshes as well as with hay—you must keep them comfortably bedded, kept warm, well cleansed, and salted twice or thrice a week. In good weather, they must be permitted to run themselves, and take exercise in the yard in mid-day. A milch-cow, to be profitable, must be so fed and cared for as to encourage the secretion of milk.

A Yankee describing an opponent, said:—"I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is nothing to carry."

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action at law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes, Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

1 Doz. WHEELER'S History of N Carolina.
1 " FOOT'S Sketches of North Carolina.
Just received and for sale by
July, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.
GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE Spring Session of Oak Ridge Institute will open on Tuesday (the 17th day) of February, under the instruction of
REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A.B.,
with competent assistants.

As the principal has had five years experience in training the youthful mind, the Trustees feel confident in recommending the School.

This Institution is located in a highly refined and moral community, in the Northwest part of Guilford county on the Salem and Danville road; 15 miles from the former and 50 from the latter place. It is 15 miles from Greensboro, at which place, students coming on the Cars, take the Salem stage to Kernersville, thence by private conveyance to the Institution a distance of 7 miles.

The Institution offers every facility necessary to prepare young men for the highest Collegiate Classes, or, if *continued* with *us* to make them profound thinkers and thorough scholars in every department of a classical education.

BOARD is invariably **$6** per month; Tuition varies from **$8** to **$12.50** per session; Matriculate Fee, **$1** per session.

For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Benbow, Secretary of the Board.
Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (54::3m)

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
DEALERS IN
FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C.

WILL keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

REFERENCES.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleig; J. &. F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::ly.

A New Book.
The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

SELLING OFF
AT COST!
FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

HAVING determined to sell out my heavy stock of Clothing, I will dispose of such as Over Coats, and other heavy Articles, AT COST, and the remaining Goods at prices much below the market rates. Those in need of Ready-Made Clothing will find it to their interest by calling on me soon, as I intend to sell at reduced prices for CASH.
S. ARCHER.
East Market St., opposite the Farmers' Bank.
Greensboro, Dec. 16, 1856.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; or Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee: Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store.
E. W. OGBURN & Co.
Jan. 1857.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

CABINET WAREHOUSE
BY
PETER THURSTON,
West Market, Greensboro, N. C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metalic Octagon Burial Cases.
January, 1857. 53:1y

JUST TO HAND. 25 North Carolina Readers, No. 1. 25 do " No. 2. Published by A. S. Barnes, & Co., N. York. These Readers are adapted to C. Schools and recommended by C. H. Wiley, State Supt For sale by E. W. OGBURN.

E. W. OGBURN, dealer in School, Religious, Scientific, Standard, prose and Poetical Works in General Literature; Law Books, Miscellany, Albums, Music and Writing Port Folios, Writing Desks, Music and Musical Instruments, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.
Greensborough, N. C.
Market Street, second square from the court house.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.
ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

JAMES M. HUGHES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

HAVING moved into his new shop, one door below the Book Store,
West Market, *Greensboro', N. C.*,
would respectfully return his thanks to the citizens of Greensboro' and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed; and he hopes by diligence and punctuality, with his long experience in cutting and making, that he will continue to merit and receive a liberal patronage. He has a regularly established agency by which he receives the latest Paris, New York and Philadelphia FASHIONS which gentlemen are invited to examine for themselves.

All work warranted to please in fit and durability. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction. Remember the stand—West Market, one door below the Book Store.
Aug. 1856 4::ly

L. SCOTT & CO.'S
REPRINT OF THE
BRITISH PERIODICALS
AND THE
FARMER'S GUIDE.
Great reduction in the Price of the latter Publication.

L. SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:

1
THE LONDON QUARTERLY (Conservative.)
2
THE EDINGBURG REVIEW (Whig.)
3
THE N. BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
4
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal.)
5
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAG. (Tory.)

These Periodicals ably represent the three great political parties of Great Britain—Whig, Tory, and Radical,—but politics forms only one feature of their character. As Organs of the most profound writers on Science, Literature, Morality, and Religion, they stand, as they ever have stood, unrivaled in the world of letters, being indispensible to the scholar and the professional man, while to the intelligent reader of every class they furnish a more correct and satisfactory record of the current literature of the day, throughout the word, than can be possibly obtained from any other source.

EARLY COPIES.

The Receipt of ADVANCE SHEETS from the British publishers gives additional value to these Reprints, inasmuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions.

TERMS.

	Per ann.
For any one of the four Reviews	$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews	5 00
For any three of the four Reviews	7 00
For all four of the Reviews	8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine	3 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9 00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	10 00

Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent from the above prices will be allowed to CLUBS ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to one address for $9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $30; and so on.

POSTAGE.

In all the principal Cities and Towns; these works will be delivered, FREE OF POSTAGE. When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the United States will be but TWENTY-FOUR CENTS a year for "Blackwood," and but FOURTEEN CENTS a year for each of the Reviews.

N. B The price in Great Britain of the five Periodicals above-named is about $31 per annum.

THE FARMER'S GUIDE.
TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTIAL AGRICULTURE.

By Henry Stephens, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, and the last J. P. Norton Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College. New Haven. 2 vols. Royal Octavo. 1000 pages, and numerous Wood and Steel Engravings.

This is confessedly, the most complete work on Agriculture ever published, and in order to give it a wider circulation the publishers have resolved to reduce the price to.

$5,00 for the two Volmes!!

When sent by mail (post-paid) to California and Oregen the price will be $7. To every other part of the Union, and to Canada (post-paid) $6. ☞ This work is not the old "Book of the Farm."

Remittances for any of the above publications should always be addessd, post-paid, to the Publishers.
LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
No. 54 Gold-street, New York.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.
Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor.

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.
Oct., 1856. 40::tf

GIFT BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED the following beautiful Gift Books.—American Scenery! Leeaflets of Memory, Gem of the Seasons; Passion Flower; The Token; &c. &c. For sale at the Book Store.
Jan. 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W. OGBURN.
May, 1856

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.
Ambrotypes.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen of Greensboro' and vicinity, that he is now prepared to take AMBROTYPE LIKENESSES in all the beauty of art; they surpass the DAGUERREOTYPE in beauty of delineation, giving the most delicate contrast between light and shade, making a positive picture that can be seen in any light, and are not affected by atmosphere or water, and will last for all time.

ALSO,

DAGUERREOTYPES, in all the various branches of the art with the newest improvements—Instructions given in Ambrotyping and Daguerreotyping on reasonable terms, APPARATUS and STOCK furnished if desired.
12::1y A. STARRETT.

3 DOZ. the great IRON WHEEL examined, or its false spokes extracted, and an exhibition of ELDER GRAVES, its Builder. By W. G. Brownlow, Editor of Brownlow's Knoxville Whig.
Just received and for sale by
June, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES!
[*Authorized by the State of Georgia.*]

Capital Prize of $50,000!!!

The following Scheme will be drawn by S. SWAN & CO., Managers of the Fort Gaines Academy Lottery, of Georgia, and the Southern Military Academy Lottery, of Alabama, in each of their Lotteries for February, 1857.

CLASS O,
To be drawn in the City of Mobile, Alabama, in public, on *Saturday, February 7th* 1857.

CLASS 24.
To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Thursday, February 19th*, 1857.

CLASS 25,
To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, February 28th*, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers.

Three thousand two hundred and sixty Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets. 30,000 Tickets.

Brilliant Scheme.

1 Prize of	$50,000	is		$50,000
1 "	20,000	is		20,000
1 "	10,000	is		10,000
1 "	9,000	is		9,000
1 "	8,000	is		8,000
1 "	7,000	is		7,000
1 "	6,000	is		6,000
1 "	5,000	is		5,000
1 "	4,000	is		4,000
1 "	3,000	is		3,000
1 "	2,000	is		2,000
1 "	1,000	is		1,000
100 Prizes of	100	are		10,000
100 "	50	are		5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4 prizes of $250	to $50,000	are	$1,000
4 " 200	to 20,000	are	800
4 " 100	to 10,000	are	400
4 " 80	to 9,000	are	320
4 " 65	to 8,000	are	260
4 " 60	to 7,000	are	240
4 " 55	to 6,000	are	220
4 " 50	to 5,000	are	200
4 " 45	to 4,000	are	180
4 " 40	to 3,000	are	160
4 " 30	to 2,000	are	120
4 " 25	to 1,000	are	100
3,000 " 20		are	60,000

3,260 prizes amounting to $204,000

PLAN OF SWAN & CO.'s LOTTERIES.

30,000 Numbers corresponding with those on the Tickets are placed in one Wheel. The Prizes are placed in another Wheel. A Number is drawn from the Number Wheel, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other Wheel. The Prize drawn is placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

IN ORDERING TICKETS,

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Package of 10 Whole Tickets,	$100
" 10 Half "	50
" 10 Quarter "	25
" 10 Eighths "	12½

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to
S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.
or S. SWAN, Montgomery, Ala.
or S. SWAN, Box 200, Mobile, Ala.

All communications strictly confidential. Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office. (52::1y)

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER.

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE,)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

A NEW ENTERPRIZE.

YOUNG MEN, Old men or any body-else wishing to make money easy, by engaging in an honorable, pleasant and profitable business will do well to address the subscriber immediately as he is in want of several Agents in every Town and county in the United States for a business by which persevering and energetic persons can make from **$75** to **$100** per month.

This is a rare chance for young men out of employment, or those wishing to change their occupation. Address with only $1 enclosed and I will send full particulars by return mail.
A. N. PETERS.
(54—3mpd.) Norfolk Va.

Special Notice.

DR. W. C. FREEMAN having returned to Greensboro, will resume his practice.

He may be found at his office during the day, except at meal hours, and then and at night, at the residence formerly Dr. Weir's, opposite Edgeworth Seminary.
Jan. 1, 1857. (53::4w)

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, and Shaping Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

Fall and Winter Goods.

R. G. Lindsay,
North-East corner of Elm and Market Streets,

WOULD invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.

Cloths, Cassimers, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c. Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain De Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c. &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.

A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.

Coffee, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.

Rock Island Jeans and Cassimers, Kerseys—Bolting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones.
Oct. 10, 1856.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,

WILL attend to the Sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf
All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

SOUTHERN LOTTERY! on the Havana Plan!! Prizes Guarantied! $102,000!! Only 15,000 numbers!!! Prizes payable without deduction. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY. BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA. *CLASS V.* To be drawn JANUARY 15th, 1857, at Concert Hall, Macon, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Col. Geo. M. Logan, and W. C. Anderson, Esq.

☞ *Remember this Lottery has only Fifteen Thousand Numbers—less than any Lottery in the World! therefore it is the best for investment. Examine the Scheme!*

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$15,000
1 "		5,000
1 "		2,000
4 Prizes of	$1,000 are	4,000
5 "	500 are	2,500
80 "	100 are	8,000
1,500 "	40 are	60,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

20 Approx. of $100 are		$2,500
50 "	50 are	2,500
50 "	20 are	1,000
1,712 Prizes amounting to		$102,000

Certificates of Packages of ten tickets, where the numbers end in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, are sold at the following rates:

10 Whole Tickets,	60 dollars
10 Half do	30
10 Quarter do	15

It will be perceived, by this plain, that for 60 dollars the purchaser has a Certificate of ten tickets, when, if he buys tickets, he would only get for that sum six wholes. Thus, by buying certificates he has four more chances for larger prizes—Halves and Quarter packages in proportion.

☞ Persons sending money by mail need not fear its being lost. Orders punctually attended to. Communications confidential.—Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par.

☞ Those wishing particular numbers should order immediately.

Address, JAMES F. WINTER,
(52::1y) *Manager*, Macon, Ga.

A GRAND MARYLAND LOTTERY FOR January, 1857, on the Havana Plan, Capital Prize **$12,000!** Grand Consolidated Lottery of Maryland. *EXTRA CLASS* 1, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, Jan. 31, 1857. R. FRANCK & Co., Managers.

Prizes amounting to $132,600! *Will be distributed according to the following Splendid Scheme:* 20,000 Numbers!—1,600 Prizes! *Prizes payable in full without deduction.*

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$12,500
1 "		12,300
1 "		10,000
2 prizes of		5,000
2 "		2,000
2 "		1,500
2 "		1,000
189 "		200

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

4 of $150	approx. to	$12,500
4 of....100	"	12,300
4 of.... 90	"	10,000
8 of.... 80	"	5,000
8 of.... 70	"	2,000
8 of..... 60	"	1,500
8 of..... 50	"	1,000
756 of..... 10	"	200
1,000 prizes,		$132,600

Whole Tickets $20; Halves 10; Quarters 5.00.

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. Class C, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, Jan. 24th, 1857.

Scheme.

1 prize of		$60,000
1 "		29,980
2 prizes of		10,000
4 "		5,000
8 "		2,500
100 "		1,000
339 "		300
63 "		100
63 "		80
126 "		60
6,363 "		40
29,294 "		20

36,365 prizes amounting to $1,202,000

Wholes $20; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Eighths $2.50.

All orders for tickets or packages in any of the Maryland Lotteries, will receive prompt attention, and the drawing mailed to all purchasers immediately after it is over.

Address T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 39 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41::1y) Baltimore, Maryland.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.
B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others:

Hon. THOS. RUFFIN,	Alamance,
JOHN NEWLIN,	do
P. A. HOLT,	do
W. R. ALBRIGHT,	do
J. H. HAUGHTON,	Chatham,
A. H. LINDLEY,	do
P. C. CAMERON,	Orange,
JOHN F. LYON,	do
W. J. BINGHAM,	do
JOHN LONG,	Randolph,
E. G. READE,	Person,
G. & H. WILLIAMS,	do

Feb. 6. 6::1yr.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Waud Cloths of all Nos. from